

# The GRAPHIC



## SOUL-RACKED

By CAROLINE REYNOLDS

How slowly ticks the clock, a sullen, patient loom  
That weaves the warp of time---how slow, how dully slow.  
How long and dark the night, how deadly still the room,  
Yet sounds with phantom feet that softly come and go.

But, Love, how short the night, how easy borne the pain  
Of throbbing, aching brain and eyes that may not weep,  
If on my cheek your hand might rest as it has lain---  
If I might have it so---I would not pray for sleep.

Without, the creeping fog steals through the sleeping land,  
Her hair of misty gray entwining field and fold,  
Her garments flutter by, I hear her searching hand  
Seek entrance at my pane, with fingers wet and cold.

Dear Heart, if you were near, how sweet to feel the breath  
Of fog against our cheeks, to hear the rising wind.  
I would not fear her hands that tremble as with death---  
Your arms would hold me close, and fear would lie behind.

How slowly ticks the clock! Dear God, can'st thou not hear  
My soul's impassioned prayer that it shall have release?  
The whole world seems asleep, my dear ones breathe so near,  
And I, alone, awake, but ask for sleep's deep peace.

Dear Heart, if you but lay upon my breast again---  
Your dear head cuddled close within that hollow deep  
That God hath given us to cradle babes and men---  
If I might hold you so, I would not pray for sleep.

RALPH FULLERTON-MOCINE





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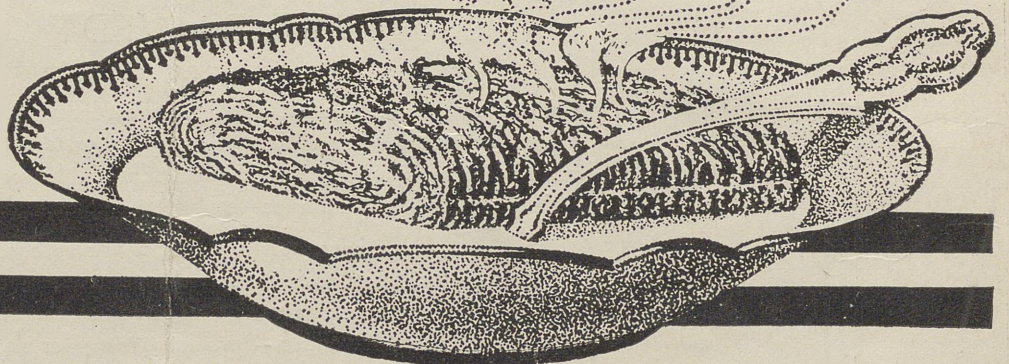
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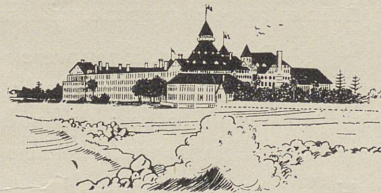
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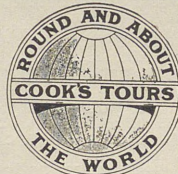
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# THE GRAPHIC

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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## NO MOLLYCODDLING WITH CRIMINALS

SAN FRANCISCO and Los Angeles have each interesting legal problems before them which the people are studying with curious intent. In the northern city the cunning little scamp, Abraham Ruef, is sparring with the district attorney for a profitable concession before he will even indicate his course of conduct in the Schmitz case, to testify in which he has been brought in from San Quentin. Abey demands the dismissal of all indictments against him on the reserve calendar as a preliminary to his testimony, the nature of which he refuses to divulge. It is possible, entirely probable, in fact, that the district attorney will have found that he has bargained for a gold brick in the event that he yields to Ruef's stipulations, which he is loth to do.

If the reserve indictments are dismissed the way is clear to the parole prize Ruef is longing to grasp. But the public prosecutor demurs at the terms and may send the prisoner back to his cell without putting him in the witness box. In this event the corroborative testimony needed to convict Schmitz may be missing and the former mayor escape the penalty of his misdeeds through lack of the connecting link. In this dilemma the shrewd convict, Ruef, alone can furnish relief, but is his testimony—undisclosed—worth the price? Better to let the less guilty man, Schmitz, Ruef's tool, escape than to send him to the penitentiary whence his accuser emerges by his sharp bargain, plus a parole. Justice is in a hard row of stumps when it has to be subjected to such thumb-screw methods to assert itself.

In Los Angeles the legal problem is not quite so intricate, but the question of compromising with an alleged crime is, in substance, the same. The district attorney's office is said to be facing a condition which, surely, requires no prolonged study. It is rumored that Clarence Darrow, the chief counsel for the McNamaras, will plead guilty to the charge of jury bribing providing the public prosecutor will assure him of judicial clemency. It is difficulty to believe that Captain Fredericks would entertain such a proposal. If Darrow is guilty of the grave crime charged—the gravest in the calendar—the rigor of the law, its extreme penalty, is none too severe punishment. If he is innocent, as he has repeatedly asserted, and can demonstrate that fact beyond peradventure an acquittal must follow. There can be no such thing as compromise in this case. As between the crimes of the McNamaras—so inadequately punished—and the crime of jury bribing, we regard the latter as the greater menace to society, because it strikes deeper.

We prefer to believe that Mr. Darrow is honest in his statement and that a still higher directing power than his was responsible for the tampering with the jury. Should this premise be shattered by the evidence and the crime fastened on the lawyer

no confession he may make at this stage can mitigate the sin of commission and so bring him immunity. We have the district attorney's own word for it that he has the evidence to convict. The case must proceed to trial and be prosecuted with vigor. Let those who are guilty suffer and no mollycoddling with criminals be tolerated.

## HIRAM'S SOUL-SEARING EXPERIENCE

VEXATIOUS is the delay that withholds from a palpitating constituency in this state the exact political status of Governor Hiram Johnson in the present uncertain presidential prize puzzle. Will he go down with the La Follette ship, true to the end, or has he already deserted the Wisconsin bark—we had almost written barker—for the Roosevelt wagon? Why are these vital facts bottled up? Is Lieut.-Gov. Wallace authorized to speak for his confrere or is he merely shooting into the air when he tells us that with Roosevelt subscribing liberally to progressive doctrines the colonel will be eminently satisfactory to California? Come home, governor, and relieve a distracted commonwealth!

When last heard from he displayed a terribly perturbed condition of mind. It was noted in his telegram to his fidus achates, Chester H. Rowell of Fresno, whom he advised from New York, under date of February 9: "I leave for Washington tomorrow. News from Washington not reassuring. Wire me care Willard hotel, views yourself and others. Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, New Jersey, and nearly all states will make straightout Roosevelt fight. *If the senator insists on us, can we do otherwise than other states?*" Mark the anxiety to get the attitude of his colleagues, pledged, like himself, to La Follette. "Shall we 'trun' him down and join the majority?" is the pathetic inquiry, or if the senator holds us to our promises stick and be virtuously lonesome? Ay, there's the rub!

Was a governor harboring vice-presidential aspirations ever so bedeviled? What business has a four-flusher like La Follette, he may naturally commune, to put one in such a predicament? We echo this heart-rending wail and extend the deep sympathies of a keenly appreciative constituency to our much-harrowed executive. When we reflect that the progressives, away down deep, realize that Roosevelt is anything but a true patriot from their viewpoint, a check-by-jowl crony of the Big Interests, whose messages to congress never betrayed the slightest interest in the tariff question we can better understand the governor's awful nerve-racking moments in this crisis. With La Follette a hopeless candidate, but an ideal progressive, the insurgents turn, perforce, to the more popular figure, not because he represents their views, but because he can beat Taft, he can capture the votes sought by the Democrats. Truly, our condolences go out to Hiram et al. in this soul-searing hour.

## TRIUMPH OF YUAN SHI KAI

HOW TO pluck victory out of defeat is a gift only grasped by the elect of earth. China has only one such rarity in the person of Yuan Shi Kai, former premier of the celestial kingdom under his imperial majesty, Pu Ki, now, by the grace of his democratic brethren in the national assembly, president of the Chinese republic. This argues either great astuteness, remarkable diplomatic powers, or inherent personal qualities of so pre-eminent a character as to appeal to friend and foe alike. Perhaps Yuan Shi Kai rejoices in the possession of all these essentials since his election was unanimous. It is an unprecedented political procedure.

But quite as unusual, quite as transcendent in its

nature, was the self-immolation of that Chinese patriot, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, provisional president of the tentative republic, who, with a loyalty seldom equalled in this prosaic age, put aside the proffer of the actual presidency that his country might reap the undoubted benefit of the masterly mind lodged in the towering frame of Yuan Shi Kai, China's great premier. It was a noble act of self-negation that should endear the sacrificing leader to his countrymen for all time. Not only did he refuse the presidency, but he warmly urged his adherents to rally to the support of Yuan Shi Kai and was largely responsible for the election of the constructive statesman.

With such a spirit regnant among the leaders in this new movement in reawakened China the prospects for an era of great development in the national life, of a marked uplift in all directions are most promising. Dr. Sun is esteemed by the militant portion of the revolutionary party—or, rather, army of the republic—to a degree unusual in a civilian and this same high regard extends through the nation, especially among what is known as Young China. It is to be hoped that the new president will retain Dr. Sun near him as an advisory counsellor for such a character is surely too rare to be allowed to retire to private life.

## ARIZONA CLOSES THE GAP

WITH the formal admission of Arizona Wednesday, as a state, the last territorial government in the country passes out of existence and for the first time since little Delaware ratified her constitution December 7, 1787, the United States becomes in fact as well as in name completely under statehood government. Forty-eighth in the Union of states Arizona lacks one year of having remained under territorial administration for half a century, her initial organization dating from Feb. 24, 1863. It was eleven months later before the first acting governor, John N. Goodwin, made his appearance in the territory, setting up the temporary seat of government near old Fort Whipple, about twenty miles from where is now the thriving city of Prescott.

Whether or not Hawaii will ever be included in the Union of states is extremely problematical and Porto Rico is a still more remote speculation. Leaving out these two extra-territorial possessions the induction of Arizona into statehood honors closes the gap that was partially bridged by New Mexico, which took precedence of Arizona by a few weeks only in admission to the Union. It is interesting to note that one other western state was admitted this same date of February 14—a St. Valentine gift—Oregon having this distinction in 1859. Following the original thirteen states Vermont was the first territory to gain admission in 1791, so that 121 years have intervened since the initial territory was added to the original thirteen states and the last came in by presidential proclamation. A century and a quarter since Delaware led the van!

What a wonderful growth in population since Ohio was received into full-fledged statehood in 1802! In that year the United States had between five and six millions of people scattered throughout her seventeen states and numerous territories. Today, it is estimated that upward of one hundred millions find sustenance within the same area that a century ago harbored about one twentieth of this population. By the year 2000—eighty-eight years from now—experts estimate a population all the way from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty millions, and who shall say the latter figure is far wrong with resources so wonderful still untouched and the Old World gazing with envious eyes upon the remarkable strides taken by this country in the last hun-



dred years. From Delaware to Arizona is a mighty leap. But in the succeeding century and a quarter what tremendous possibilities lie!

#### GIGANTIC TASK OF GOVERNMENT

FOLLOWING many weeks of constant session, in which time scores of witnesses were interrogated and much testimony sifted and weighed, the federal grand jury at Indianapolis in the dynamite inquiry, has caused to be made public a list of those persons indicted, simultaneous with the arrest of a large number of the accused. The roster embraces many well-known officials of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, business agents of the organization, district organizers and members of allied labor bodies. It is a notable list.

It is expected that the government will fasten upon a majority of these union men the crime of conspiracy charged, the contention being made that an inner council existed to fight the battles of unionism with dynamite and nitro-glycerine, the blowing up of the Times building being merely an incident in the prosecution of the murderous work. Of course, not all the men are equally guilty. It is likely that a number will be shown to have assisted in the conspiracy to transport dynamite illegally, but as that is in violation of a federal law and led to serious results their guilty participation, if proved, is obvious.

Apparently, the entire executive board of the Ironworkers' Union at certain periods is included in this dragnet which has spared nobody under suspicion. So widespread and devilish a system, organized for the purpose of committing crime, never before was known to exist and in uncovering its machinations and prosecuting the alleged conspirators the federal government has a gigantic task before it. But the sentiment of the country demands no halting in this work of exposure and punishment and the people will not be satisfied until the last culprit is revealed and made to pay the penalty provided for so hideous a crime.

#### COLLEGE SONGS ON THE CARPET

PERHAPS the lucubrations of the Junior Republic Citizen should not be taken too seriously, but inasmuch as they are read, presumably, by the members of the George Junior Republic Association at Freeville, New York, and in all allied branches of this excellent society the attempt of the Citizen to imbue its clientele with foolish notions in regard to schools of higher education should receive attention. Commenting on the attitude of the late Richard Teller Crane of Chicago toward colleges the Citizen opines that the deceased ironmaster was not so far wrong when he said that to put the boy or girl through college is a waste of time and money, and in regard to his other statement: "it is inconceivable how anyone can deny that immorality is flagrant in our college life."

Then follows a grave dissertation to substantiate the assertion, wherein it is charged that "purple socks, green caps and painted ladies" are the greatest ambition of many of our undergraduates, with "booze"—the stimulant in which to drown all sorrow including the thought of study." Not content with this overwhelming testimony it is further shown that so ribald a good old college song as "Won't we have a jolly time, eating cake and drinking wine"—awful poetry; so immoral a ditty as "There is a Tavern in the Town," so reprehensible a ballad as "The Good Young Man Who Died"—he never drank pale ale or beer—and other choruses of similar "immoral" tendency prove indubitably the unwholesome atmosphere of college environment and the truth of the late Mr. Crane's contentions.

Really, this is so funny that it is hard to believe the Junior Republic Citizen is in sober earnest. Of all innocent, harmless college songs those cited are facile princeps. The lad who gathers about the fraternity board lustily lending his treble to the jolly choruses they invoke need not cause his parents any sleepless nights. It is the youth who takes no part in these vocal exercises, who doesn't care for the

Tavern in song, but for the tavern in town, that needs to be watched. And he, heaven be praised, is in so infinitesimal a minority at college, that he is the hopeless exception to the rule. The trouble with Mr. Crane's theory was that he sought for the exception and, naturally, found him. Then he transformed his small minority into a college type and it perverted his viewpoint—he couldn't see beyond that untypical college entrant.

Poor old college songs! That they should be summoned as witnesses to attest their own debauching influence. Isn't it shocking! Farewell, a long farewell to "Clementina." To "A Son of a Gambolier" let finis be written. Close up the "Tavern in the Town," ring down the curtain on "Solomon Levy," go bury "A Spanish Cavalier." The fiat has gone forth. They are immoral. They are corrupting our college youths.

#### MR. TAFT AGAIN BLUNDERS

CONVINCED that he has nothing to lose by trouncing the progressive element in the Republican party President Taft, at the Lincoln birthday celebration of the Republican Club in New York, took occasion to administer a verbal castigation to the extremists of his party, who, he declares, are not progressives but "political emotionalists" or "neurotics" who have lost their sense of proportion. "They would hurry us into a condition which would find no parallel except in the French revolution, or in that bubbling anarchy that once characterized the South American republics."

Much more in this vein said Mr. Taft, thereby placing himself in the same category with the other extremists of whom he complains. That he is partially right in his estimate of the reform faction is to be admitted, but considering the progressives by and large their zealous endeavors to institute reforms far overshadow their blunders. They have accomplished a great work in lifting the average voter out of that apathetic rut in which the majority lay supine, permitting the active minority representing the Big Interests to ride over them roughshod. In arousing the rank and file to a true conception of their strength the "emotionalists" and "neurotics" condemned by the President have proved the inciting stimulus of a Wellington whose famous "Up, guards, and at them!" brought grief to the overweening Napoleon.

Of course, they have erred, and, quite as naturally, they have overshot the mark in numerous instances. In many cases the leaders were tyros in politics, with only the dogged resolution of enthusiasts to spur them to the fray, but even though this spirit bred fanaticism it also inspired to much self-sacrifice in which great good to the community resulted. One example of their blind gropings is seen in the extension of the recall principle to the judiciary. Argue all they may the logical effect of this unwise step is to project our judges into politics. The fear of not pleasing the multitude, thereby arousing their prejudices into a use of the recall, will cause the judiciary to keep an official ear close to the ground, to catch the murmurings of the populace, and while so engaged the law is bound to suffer. To this extent the President is right in his criticisms, but this one serious mistake should not foredamn them in all things.

It is a curious circumstance that while Mr. Taft is found deploring a condition that he likens unto the beginnings of the French revolution former Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, sees in the attitude of the capitalist and the corporations, and rich and powerful men generally, a portend of precisely the same menace, only it is they and not the "emotionalists" and "neurotics" who are charged with the responsibility for bringing about such a change. The logic of Judge Gary's argument is that the revolution must come unless the cry of the progressives is heeded, unless the reforms they urge are brought about. Mr. Taft, to the contrary, decries these efforts to ameliorate the hard lot of the common people and asserts that if the extremists do not abate

their proclivities they will precipitate revolution. Of the two viewpoints we think Judge Gary's is the saner, the less prejudiced. Mr. Taft is losing his temper, likewise his poise. His nerves betray signs of frazzling at the edges. He should retire to the practice of law. He has a fine legal mind, but he is of poor executive material. He does not know the people; he is a closet politician.

#### AMERICA'S LITERARY WET-NURSE

AS THE EDITOR of the Saturday Evening Post, Mr. George Horace Lorimer, now visiting in Southern California, is an interesting personality, largely because of what he represents in the new school of fiction that his publication has done so much to foster in American literature. In an interview he is quoted as replying to the question "How about literature?"—

That depends on what you call "literature." Some people I could mention think the Post means literature; others would name the Atlantic Monthly. Personally, I prefer the Post standard; from that point of view I believe that American literature is at a higher standard than ever before. The reading world is altogether different from the time when Bret Harte and a few writers in Boston set the mark. There are stories published almost every week now which twenty years ago would have set the whole country talking; now they are taken as a matter of course. Simple, homely, really human stories, with a touch of romance about recognizable people—these, in a way, mark the progress of writing today. And the field has broadened; the "uplift" stuff is all very well, but the editor now chooses with a broad sense of purpose; stories now have the combined realism and lyricism that mark the French writers, who perhaps are in quality ahead of the rest of the world. The West has produced and is producing some striking writers; in fact, most of the Eastern writers are Western writers, and those who are really Eastern often reach out to the West for subject and environment.

Allowing for his natural predilection for the Post concept of literature we still find no fault with Mr. Lorimer's preference. As The Graphic took occasion to say recently in reviewing John Wilson Fleming's sea sagas, contained in his capital "Across the Latitudes," many of which tales appeared first in the Saturday Post: "It is time that a tribute were paid to that periodical for all it has done in building up a national school of fiction in the United States. It is not to the schools represented by Henry James or William Dean Howells—if they represent any school at all—much less to those exemplified by Robert Chambers and David Graham Phillips, that the coming generation will look for their inspiration. For the genius of these men is not in any particular sense American. It is rather to such men as John Fleming Wilson, Irving S. Cobb, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Montague Glass, Richard Washburn Childs, Peter B. Kyne and a dozen others to whom the Post has introduced us."

It was not argued that these writers cited are unrecognized geniuses—by any means. Far from it, but that the great American novelist, when he arrives will be of their school; artists working conscientiously upon certain types they love and understand, leading us to a hundred crucibles where we behold the American spirit in the making. In stimulating the talents of such students of humanity, who find their material in all sorts of localities and amid all classes, Mr. Lorimer and his Post have accomplished much. Aside from the entertainment afforded the masses the editor and the medium have conspired to produce virile factors in American literature whose fiction requires no apology, whose stories are red-blooded, human, and with that touch of romance that attracts everybody alike. We repeat, the American people owe to Mr. Lorimer and his publication a deep obligation and we are glad to acknowledge that debt, in behalf of Southern California, while the able editor is enjoying his well-earned vacation in this latitude.

#### TRUE PROVINCE OF RAILROAD PRESIDENTS

POSSIBLY, former Senator Frank P. Flint was incorrectly quoted when he was alleged to say that all railroad presidents, with the exception of "Jim" Hill, are mouth-pieces for Wall street. It would not be the first time that Mr. Flint has been placed at a disadvantage through no fault of his



own, and until the statement attributed to him receives his personal sanction we shall assume that it is the airy persiflage of a reporter who caught only a portion of the distinguished Los Angelen's utterance in regard to railway presidents.

It is not surprising, however, to find one of the aspersed number resenting the accusation and vigorously denying its truthful application. Mr. Darius Miller, head of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, insists that the railroad president of today is far from being a mere clerk of Wall street interests, but is as much an executive de facto as he ever was. He says:

The head of a railroad is elected for the purpose of operating a railroad in all its branches in the interest of the public and of the stockholders. It is a mistake to presume because one is president of a railroad that he is the financial controller. The actual operation of a big system comes ahead of all else. By operation I mean not only the running of trains, but the solicitation of traffic and the manifold duties of the public. Of one thing the railroad managers are not guilty—that is of running their systems to suit the stock market.

This latter assertion, we believe, needs no emphasizing refutation. Does anybody suppose that President Ripley of the Santa Fe or President Sproule of the Southern Pacific has an eye continually on Wall street and the tape before deciding as to policies affecting the operation of the railroad in his charge? Such a course would be so quickly discovered and denounced, in these days of corporation hypercriticism, that the responsible president's term of usefulness would be of short duration. The Jay Gould type of railroad men has had its day in court and has gone into the discard; the kind of railroading that the elder Gould affected would not be tolerated in this generation. The public is too jealous of its rights, the property interests too valuable to be placed in jeopardy by the manipulation of a mere speculating controlling factor. It is efficient, economic administration, the selection of the best department heads obtainable, the pleasing of the public by good service—these things are what the stockholders look for in a railroad president, not a Wall street factotum, and judging by the class of men entrusted with the railroad interests on the Pacific coast no mistake has been made in this regard.

#### PHOENIX NARROWLY MISSES A TRAGEDY

WHAT might have been a fearful tragedy in the ceremonies incident to the passing of Arizona from territorial bondage into statehood at Phoenix, Wednesday, was averted by the wonderful presence of mind of the newly-elected governor, Geo. Washington Hunt. Just before the civic parade was scheduled to start a blood-curdling rumor darted through assembled officialdom that the reviewing stand had been constructed by non-union labor! Brave men turned pale at the thought, beautifully-apparelled women gasped and grew faint and a deathly silence stole imperceptibly over that previously joyous gathering. The governor came to a halt within a few feet of the accursed structure and his lips were seen to move rapidly as in prayer. Then as if strength were given him from above he called to the secretary of state, who at once communicated with the heads of Arizona's new state federation of labor. They immediately summoned the officers of the carpenters' local and laborers, upon whom no odium rested, were rushed to the rescue. By means of herculean work, in an incredibly short space of time, the proscribed platform was demolished, a new stand erected and the calamity was avoided. May heaven long preserve Arizona's superbly-gifted executive!

Whether or not the boards used in constructing the union-made reviewing stand were the same material employed in the one razed the exasperating dispatches fail to disclose, but we sincerely hope not. A murrain seize every plank, every knothole, every fiber of the lumber handled by the unauthorized recreants, whose hated presence in Arizona a broad-minded governor like George Washington Hunt is obliged to tolerate, but not to take to his bosom.

We hope the executive ordered every palsied board sawn and quartered and burnt at the stake, or in the statehouse furnace, and the sawdust scattered to the four winds of heaven. Thus perish all Gov. George Washington Hunt's political enemies.

Arizona cannot help thriving and rising to great heights commercially and politically when her union made standards are set so high by so fearless, so noble an executive. It was George Washington Hunt who in his inaugural address declared that he did not care to be known to posterity as Arizona's best governor, but rather that his administration might encourage a constantly awakening public conscience. Who can entertain a doubt after noting his attitude Wednesday in a great crisis! With eyes fixed on the populace—and Mr. Hearst's nimble-penciled young men—he disdained the proffer of affluent-appearing automobiles, but with prayer book firmly grasped in his left hand, his right clutching a simple lily of the valley, like St. Denis of France, minus his hat, he walked two miles to the capitol to take the oath of office—thoughtfully electing to ride back, however. Our profoundest compliments to this high-minded, lofty-principled, soul-inspiring gentleman. May he never be compelled to come in contact with the non-union varlets who cumber the forty-eighth state.

#### GRAPHITES

It is interesting to know that the unusual Order of the Garter conferred by King George V of England on Sir Edward Grey, the foreign secretary, owes its origin to Edward III April 23, 1349. It is of blue velvet bordered with gold, with the inscription in old French "Honi soit qui mal y pense"—Evil to him who evil thinks. Edward, the Black Prince, was the first Knight of the Garter. It is worth noting that of the original twenty-five knights named in 1350 Lord Grey, of Codrington, was included. Whether the present recipient is a descendant of his Codrington namesake is not apparent.

Congressman "Billy" Kent announces that he will not be a candidate for another term from the second California district. This is, perhaps, wise in view of the reapportionment which places him at a distinct disadvantage politically. Then, too, his public utterances, greatly as we have admired their force and truthfulness, have been impolitic from the viewpoint of a candidate for party honors. He can do more good for his state at home. He is easily the most picturesquely forceful character in the state delegation.

With the discharge of a score of Camorrist prisoners whom the Italian government failed to convict for conspiring to commit murder, the predicament of those witnesses who testified against the suspects becomes apparent. That a series of mysterious deaths will follow the turning loose of the members of the Camorra order need surprise no one. The trial has dragged on for five years without result. Abatemaggio, the chief informer, is probably not enjoying the prospect.

In no more striking manner did the beneficent value of chloroform to the human race assert itself than at a train wreck near Yarmouth, Maine, Thursday when a trainman pinned beneath a burning cab and slowly cooking to death was mercifully rendered unconscious by a country doctor who crawled up close enough to the poor wretch to administer the ether. The victim was a charred mass in the next half hour. To Dr. Bell of England who first applied the anaesthetic experimentally, sixty-five years ago this month, down to the Yarmouth doctor's humane act how many thousands owe surcease of pain and suffering to this kindly compound!

Mataafa, deposed king of Samoa, and great friend of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, whose death is reported as occurring at Levuka recently, was warmly extolled by the great novelist in his "Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa." It was Mataafa who conferred on Stevenson the native title of "Tusitala," the teller of tales.

Paderewski in financial difficulty? Come over, the water's fine! There is a shot in the locker left for the brilliant Pole even if his locks are a trifle less luxuriant than of yore and our women who formerly worshiped at his shrine a decade or so older.

Nickelodeons and phonographs are to be employed to further Mr. Taft's candidacy for a second term. We still hazard the belief that he will be a moving picture after March 4, 1913.

#### STRAY THOUGHTS BY B. C. T.

Not in many places in the world is there so pretty and entrancing a view as from Echo Mountain. The landscape is faultless and the far-away vision of sea sublime and impressive. To the right and to the left and to the ocean-line for forty miles may be seen an hundred odd miles of orange groves and vineyards, palaces and homesteads and cities and villages. At times the ocean gleams like a mirror, while dim and seemingly remote the incomparable outlines of Santa Catalina uprise like the types of those "happy isles" to which Ulysses thought he might attain and "see the great Achilles, whom he knew." Westward, the line of vision is bounded by rolling foothills in an under-setting of broad and fertile acres, while directly in front and eastward the eye wanders over panoramas diversified with fields and orchards teeming with all the vegetables and fruits known, and with hotels and churches, seminaries and school-houses, and whatever else betokens the bounty of nature and the prosperity of man. Higher up are giants of the coast range. At the base and midway, many cottages and cabins of those who have sought out enticing and fertile nooks which thereabouts abound; and, taking all in view, one might with scarcely an effort of the imagination deem that he had been "aviated" to the scenes which England's nobly-born, but misanthropic poet has immortalized in "Manfred," and, listening serenely and diligently, might almost expect to catch the "Ranz des vaches" floating downward from those Alpine heights, or, by distance mellowed, hear the faint and far-off sounds of "pipes in the liberal air mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd." Let any person who wishes to behold enchanting sweeps of orange groves and vineyards and all else that is lovely and beautiful, stand on Mount Echo on a cloudless day.

Once, in 1863, when on my way from Nashville to Washington, an active little fellow at the Continental Hotel bar was pointed out to me as "Coal Oil Johnny," the young man who, after riding in a hack around Philadelphia the day before, presented the entire outfit, valued at \$1600, to the driver. He was setting up champagne by the case, because he had "struck oil" and had "money to burn." He soon afterward was not only the "talk of the town," but of the nation, and the newspapers all over the country told of his escapades and of his generous acts, and in many cases the stories of his picturesque career were recounted at great length and with much added embellishment. Twenty years afterward he (John Steele) published a book, which he stated was the actual story of his eventful life. Twenty-five years later "Coal Oil Johnny" was lying sick and poverty-stricken at Franklin, Penna. But there's no moral to be drawn. There have been thousands of others. He died two weeks ago.

I have never met a man or woman who has visited Jerusalem who ever wished to go there again. And yet, Jerusalem illumined the universe for hundreds of years, and many of the most illustrious characters of sacred history lived there. It is only a few hours' ride by steamer and rail from Port Said; and not far away is the Mount of Olives, the Valley of Jehosaphat, the Tomb of Absalom, Mount Moriah the Village of Siloam, the Hill of Corruption, and the place where Solomon had his Temple. But, O, there is so much in Jerusalem that is hideous, pathetic and repellent. The Germans are making great efforts to effect a renaissance, and have made more attractive the rude stones bearing Hebrew inscriptions. There is one beautiful sight in Jerusalem, however, and that is the Mosque of Omar, a Mohammedan place of worship, which is a magnificent specimen of Byzantine art, and in which is a single hair said to have been preserved from the beard of Mohammed. But, on the whole, Jerusalem and its inhabitants are sickening.

At the Hotel Leighton, where there are six ex-federal officers—all members of the Loyal Legion, three from Illinois and one each from Indiana, Ohio, and Kansas—sojourning for the winter or for part of the winter, engaging in conversation about songs a few evening ago, they concluded that the sweetest song ever written was the "Old Folks at Home," and that next was "Home, Sweet Home;" and, third, "Annie Laurie," and fourth, "Mary of Argyle." They then agreed unanimously that "Dixie" was the most popular song in the United States, and that it will never wear out; and that "John Brown's Body" was the most sung and played in the Union army until "Marching Through Georgia" came out in the fall of 1864. They did not touch on opera music, but agreed that "Nearer, My God, To Thee" was the divinest and most impressive of all songs, and that the "Star Spangled Banner" is the grandest and most precious of all our national songs.



## INVOCATION TO DRAMATIC CENSORS

("It is rumored that a committee for the censorship municipality will, it is said, provide a majority of the of dramatic productions is to be appointed in Los members of the committee to which all plays will be Angeles. The newly enfranchised citizenesses of the submitted before production."—Item of local news.)



Courageous ladies! You, I mean,  
Whom a discerning Council chooses  
To keep the Thespian ox-cart clean,  
And douse the indecorous muses  
That Paris (France) diffuses;  
Sifting the Attic salt that flows  
With too Petronian a savor,  
And tempering to the Saxon nose  
The fertile Gaul's robustious flavor,  
Elsewhere received with favor;

Sworn to dilute the "dooblentong,"  
And filter Rabelaisian wheezes  
Whose fragrance, classically strong,  
Approximates a foreign cheese's,  
In contact with the breezes;

Ladies, I greet you! It invokes  
A more than Rhadamanthine rigor  
To probe those Dionysian jokes  
At which the unregenerate snigger  
With unexampled vigor.



It takes a nerve, in these hard days,  
To dam the lure of fleshly sin in  
The squirms of amorous coryphees  
That writhe serpentine in in  
Their birthday underlinen.  
Only a liberal soul can swing  
The task of Virtue's own reporter,  
When Anna Held (the forward thing!)  
Says things a lady hadn't oughter,  
To shock our wives and daughter.



It needs an aptitude and more  
To pass upon these masterpieces  
That in the cause of Art explore  
With all the freedom that was Greece's  
The female of the species;  
That, modeling frankly in the nude,  
Discuss the snare of sex-relations,  
A subject properly eschewed  
In an enlightened Western nation's  
Aesthetic lucubrations;

Those plays in which the sordid flame  
Of lawless passion waxes torrid,  
Bringing the blush of honest shame  
To Mr. Eddie's dimpling forehead,  
The subject being horrid!  
Myself when young evinced a taste  
For "Mrs. W.'s Profession,"  
And Granville Barker's wicked "Waste;"  
In these the modern sex-obsession  
Finds adequate expression

No nympholeptic Roman stuff,  
Or stale French love affairs (I quarrel  
With people who are merely tough,  
And though their sins are red as coral  
Point no appropriate moral).

But sociologic problem plays  
In whose uncompromising throes is  
A lesson none can help but praise,  
Although we want to hold our noses  
Before the first act closes.

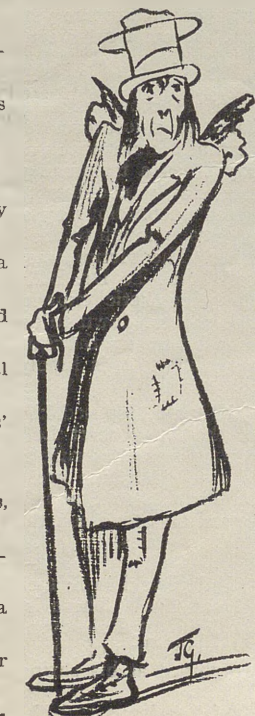
But lo! When Youth's first hairs have fled,  
There comes a palpable cessation  
Of intellectual zeal; instead  
One feels a more pronounced temptation  
To vulgar dissipation.

So in old age I turn me to  
The low comedian's milk-dewed sally;  
With practiced optic I review  
The jambons of the corps de ballet,  
Applauding genially.

But I know all the fleshly lure  
That our degraded drama offers;  
How bellboys, once refined and pure,  
Are turned into immoral scoffers,  
To swell the Hebrews' coffers.

Wherefore, sweet censors, I invoke  
Your advent with appropriate unction.  
Others may treat you as a joke:  
One pen acclaims your festive function,  
Untrammelled by compunction.

—ALGOL.



## FRENCH REVOLUTION REVIVED IN PARIS

BANG! Bang! Bang! Hisses! Boom! Ahh! Cannons and gunpowder! Dirks and daggers! Blood and Thunder! Guy-ropes and guillotines!

Hardly have we been delivered from "Ivan the Terrible" when the Lyric Theater presents us with another work of much the same kind and certainly not less terrible. This work possesses for title "Les Girondins," which alone brings us back to the old bloody days of the revolution, for, as all readers of history know, "Girondins" was the name given to a political party of the time, a political party eminently successful so long as it voted for blood, but which, in the end, took the way of the guillotine for refusing to sanction the murder of the king and queen.

Of course, we all know nowadays that a drama made of these revolutionary episodes is hardly likely to be anything but a cheap melodrama; and this is true even if an opera is made of it; and it is still truer when the author of the libretto is a music publisher who confines his speculations largely to the publication of operas, and when the composer is a young musician looking for fame, for the production and publication of his work, and is willing to cater to the public taste to get these things. When I tell you that the author of "Les Girondins" is the publisher of "Ivan the Terrible" and a lot of other works of that same kind, and that the same theater produces these two works, as well as "Quo Vadis," which is certainly no less spectacular and inartistic, you will understand that no very high art-ideal is here in evidence.

But it is not for the critic to quarrel with the public taste, and as this new opera is sure sooner or later to come to Los Angeles it will be of interest to The Graphic readers to hear about it. The outline of the story is very simple: Jean Ducos, one of the Girondins, and Varlet, his political enemy, both love the same girl, Laurence. But Varlet knows that Laurence loves Jean Ducos. Mad with jealousy, he manages to have Ducos arrested as an enemy of the people along with other of the Girondins. He then tells Laurence that he will save Ducos in exchange for her love. She pretends to agree, but the moment he has ordered Ducos to be put at liberty she kills him with a pistol—or rather she tries to kill him; unfortunately, he is only wounded—and the two lovers die together on the scaffold.

\* \* \*

Evidently, this is just a rehash of "La Tosca," and for that matter a rehash of hundreds of other books and plays of revolutionary days when politicians used their power of life and death to satisfy their desires and ambitions. But this outline gives no idea of the opera in its completed form. The first act shows us a meeting of the Girondins at the house of Jean Ducos; a love scene; the cries and threats of the mob outside, and decision of the Girondins to resist this mob even at the risk of death. Ducos is arrested and led away and Laurence is left alone. Varlet enters, proposes to save Ducos, and Laurence accepts his proposition.

Act II. Varlet's office. The sentence of death of the Girondins is signed. Laurence enters, reminds Varlet of their agreement, and he signs Ducos' pardon. He takes Laurence in his arms. She seizes a pistol lying within her reach and shoots him.

Act III. Scene 1. In front of the Jacobins' club. The mob discusses the arrest of the Girondins. Ducos is set at liberty. Varlet appears. He has come in spite of his wound to denounce Ducos and have him rearrested. Scene 2. "The Festival of the Constitution" on the ruins of the Bastille. A procession, patriotic songs, etc.

Act IV. Scene 1. In the prison. Ducos is joined by Laurence who begs him to flee with her. But he hears his companions singing the hymn "Let us die for our country," and refuses. Laurence decides to share his fate. Scene 2. The last banquet of the Girondins. While they are drinking to their country and to liberty the mob outside howls for their death and sings the famous songs of blood and the guillotine. The gate opens and the Girondins go to their fate.

\* \* \*

It is all very exciting and stirring. I do not for a moment doubt its success, at least for a time. The composer has displayed great skill in reproducing the excitement and frenzy of the mob, in introducing the songs of the day, and in using all of the resources of the modern orchestra, including cannon-shots, to paint a stirring and graphic picture of this horrible "reign of terror." Unfortunately, he has failed entirely to depict either the nobility of the Girondins or the passion of the lovers. In other words, where Puccini never fails to write us a delicious melody, one that the phonographs and the small orchestras will repeat to us to our infinite delight, Mr. Le Borne, the composer of "Les Girondins," has done nothing of the kind. That, at least, is my judgment, but I acknowledge that this is purely a matter of taste. No one can for a moment doubt Le Borne's skill as a musician; as for his gen-



ius, he is still young and it is easy to see that he had his mind concentrated upon rendering the animation of this libretto and of giving the scenes of the mob life by the use of revolutionary songs, etc., but that he forgot the necessity of giving us real melody to charm our ears.

This is not a good work in the sense that "Berenice" is a good work at all. It is "of the stage stagey" and there are always a certain number of people who like that sort of thing. But I venture to think that such a work would be more successful as a play than as an opera. Few people really enjoy music that is constantly exciting; and melodrama is more interesting when you understand every word. That is merely a personal opinion, at the same time it is hard to name a single opera that has kept the stage which is conceived along these lines. A little excitement now and then is welcomed—if it is interspersed with tender love passages and languishing airs. And this if a very large "if!"

It is this that will cause the ultimate failure of "Les Girondins." It remains to be seen whether Mr. Le Borne has simply been led into a mistake of judgment by the character of his libretto, or whether he is altogether unable to write tunes. Perhaps when his next opera appears we will be better able to judge. Certain it is that opera is just now passing through a period of uncertainty and doubt. People have so long been told that Wagner possessed no gift of melody that they have come to believe it. They forget that Wagner is constantly heard in concert, and that this, after all, is the best test of good and lasting music.

\* \* \*

Compare, for instance, the music of Le Borne's opera with that of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots"—a fair comparison since both operas have the same basis of revolution and deeds of blood. The music of the "Huguenots," although first heard seventy-five years ago, is still constantly with us: our orchestras and bands play it, our singers sing it, we have it on our pianos and phonographs.

"Les Girondins" was first given in Lyons in March, 1905—nearly seven years ago—and if the music had been good as music I believe that by this time we would have heard something of it. The question simply is: can an opera be a good opera if its music is not good music?

It seems rather an absurd question when presented in these bald terms. But it is by no means absurd, nor can it be without interest for the average theater-goers. For our managers are offering us just now a large number of operas without music; there is "The Girl of the Golden West" by Puccini, who knows better; "The King's Children" by Humperdinck who wrote himself out in "Hensel and Gretel;" there is "Pelleas and Melisande" by Debussy who has swallowed the poison of modernism;—and there are a lot of others, so many, known and unknown, that it would be impossible to name them all.

And in all of these works we see the same misunderstanding of poor old Wagner, the same deification of orchestral effects and harmonic innovations. And this helps us to understand "Les Girondins" which has all these defects and is really no better and no worse than the rest. The only one feature of its construction which may mitigate against its success in America—at least such success as these other tuneless operas have enjoyed—is the frequent use of French revolutionary songs, most of which are, of course, to us, unfamiliar. They are introduced with splendid effect, but to understand and appreciate this effect one must recognize the old songs.

What does it matter after all? If the Seine rises a few feet more we will have to go to the opera in music to draw us out!

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, Jan. 26, 1912.

#### CLEVER FARCE SEEN IN "THE MILLION"

IT IS considered bad luck to change theaters during the run of a play, but "The Million" continues to thrive in spite of the superstition. Its transfer from the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, where it began its run, to the Herald Square, has merely stimulated desire to see it and there seems little danger at present of a change of luck. A good farce is something to be thankful for and the authors, Ber and Guillemand, are to be congratulated upon their success in "The Million." It is fresh and funny. The laughs pile up and roll along and they are managed with such skill that one never wearies of the complications as is so often the case even in good farces. The interest is sustained by a continuous thread of plot. The complications are produced naturally and there is no labored strain of probabilities to bring about the situations. They seem to happen quite naturally without the necessity of elaborate explanation.

\* \* \*

The whole thing concerns the vicissitudes of a

sculptor's blue blouse and a lottery ticket that has been hidden in its pocket. The first act takes place in the delightfully happy-go-lucky atmosphere of the young struggler's studio, with whom is associated an impecunious young doctor who deplores a naturally bad disposition that leads him to do all sorts of things that his friends must put up with because he naturally can't help his bad disposition. There is also a police reporter jolly enough to keep things going when the pot seems inclined never to boil again. The lottery ticket, the sole asset of the sculptor outside of his talent, regarded as worthless, is put in the pocket of the blouse. A young music teacher, his sweetheart, is left alone in the studio for a moment when suddenly through the window comes a burglar pursued by the police. The girl gives him the blue blouse to cover the red jacket by which the police are tracking him, and when the police enter they find him busily at work in artist's cap and blouse modelling a statue for which the girl is posing. He assumes the role of sculptor so naturally that he completely fools the inspector and gains thereby opportunity to relieve him of his pocket book. He promises to give the girl anything she may crave, and adds that he is to be found in the second hand clothing shop of Ike Damshinsky on the Bowery.

\* \* \*

Later, a telegram comes announcing that the ticket has won the grand prize of a million pesos, and the good fortune is celebrated in a scene of abandon and good spirits ending with wild havoc of scattered papers, broken crockery and furniture and general madness in which the studio and its furnishings are demolished. Then comes the discovery that the blouse has disappeared and there is a general exodus to the second hand clothing store. The scene in the shop is cleverly arranged. It takes place below the street level and beyond in the roof is seen the glass pavement and through it the feet and legs of the passers-by. The thief enters, puts the blouse among the other garments and quickly assumes the disguise of the keeper of the shop, a venerable Jew with gray beard and skull cap, further mystifying the police by the transformation and robbing them in a manner to endear him to all who love make-believe crimes of this sort done with fun and skill. An Italian singer, the Caruso of the Bowery, comes in search of an artist's blouse and after parting with a ten dollar bill carries it away. One after another come the three friends in search of it.

\* \* \*

The thief secures the fire badge and the pocket book of the reporter, disguises himself as a newspaperman and makes his getaway, leaving the sculptor and the reporter to be taken to jail as suspects. The doctor arrives in time to free his friends, but, instead, his nasty disposition makes him leave them to their fate while he follows the singer. But the thief gets there first and by the clever use of a spray that he has invented sends chloroform over the transom.

\* \* \*

This scene is excruciatingly funny. The Italian, his artistic temperament well to the fore, is apostrophizing everybody and everything in song when he is gradually overcome by the fumes of the chloroform. The burglar secures the blouse and is about to leave when the doctor comes. The thief again does a lightning change and dressed as the tenor appears to his disordered mind as an apparition of himself. At last the doctor secures the blouse only to find that it is not the right one. The little music teacher finally succeeds in finding the real article and throws it out of the window to the waiting boys, but it falls not into their arms but into a passing taxi. Following this they arrive at a road house in Pelham where the thief is in the guise of a negro waiter. He does various light-fingered stunts and ends with securing the ticket for the girl. But when he learns that it is for a million the curtain drops with his exclamation "How I love my profession!"

\* \* \*

As funny as the play is several of the actors are funnier. Taylor Holmes as the grouchy doctor is exceptionally clever. It is a rare thing to see farce acted with the adroitness and spontaneity that Mr. Holmes displays. May he keep at it for he has a remarkable gift. Mr. William Burgess as the thief is very versatile, changing from one guise to another with great facility and keeping to the new character with rare fidelity. Paul Ker as the opera singer is delightful. The remainder of the cast plays with a spirit of touch and go, maintaining good pace and tempo to keep the fun going.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, Feb. 12, 1912.

That Seattle financier who left \$50,000 in assets behind him, after running up accounts aggregating \$5,000,000, must have been in a hurry to get away. Such carelessness argues an unfitness for financiering.

## By the Way



#### Judge Bordwell Joins Chorus

Everybody knows the great interest Judge Walter Bordwell takes in matters musical—his affiliation with the Ellis Club has been of long standing. In graceful recognition of this penchant the members of the Dominant Club, that sisterhood of musicians, through their clever president, Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue, invited the Judge to be their guest at a dinner to Mme. Schumann-Heink last Saturday night. And madame! It was a case of *veni, vedi, vici!* for she insisted on sitting next to the Judge at dinner and he, in turn, when called upon to speak paid the great singer a delightful compliment. After that, rumor says, she held the Judge's hand all evening, but as Mrs. Bordwell and her daughter are abroad I decline to carry tales. I only know—and this the Judge cannot deny—that he was heard to say, in an undertone, that he didn't wonder that Madame Schumann-Heink was so universally a favorite; personally, he was convinced of the truth of the saying that everyone who knew her, loved her.

#### Top o' the Morning to Her

Eleanor Sears, a Boston belle whose reputation for social eccentricities is nation wide, will be in Los Angeles early in March, as a guest at several smart functions. Miss Sears was a visitor here about two years ago, and comes south this year to attend the polo games at Coronado.

#### Changes in Bank Locations

Banking changes of importance continue to prove an interesting topic among men of affairs, the latest being a report to the effect that the German-American Savings Bank, now in the Union Trust building, is to move into the new Union Oil building at Seventh and Spring. A smaller financial institution is to occupy the German-American's present location. The new home of the latter will place that bank farthest south of any of its competitors, although the First National, with which it is closely allied, is to occupy rooms in the Van Nuys building, directly across the street. It is reported that the Southern Trust rooms are to be used by the Farmers and Merchants National at an early day, as soon as the change can be effected. E. T. Earl, who is principal owner of the Union Oil building, is also a director in the German-American, and I. W. Hellman, who is president of the Farmers and Merchants, owns the building now occupied by the Southern Trust company.

#### Brown Broke the Bank

Abraham Lincoln Brown, still a property owner and possessor of other material interests in Los Angeles, although he has not been a resident for two years, has flashed into the international limelight by winning upward of \$60,000 at Monte Carlo. Brown at one time was the owner of a retail clothing establishment on upper Spring street. The store is still doing business, Brown having turned it over to confidential employees when he left here for San Francisco. For a time he was a director in one of the city's best known financial institutions, and the owner of a big block of stock in another. According to cables from Europe, he broke the bank at Monte Carlo on two different occasions in the last fortnight, and what is more to the point, he retained the money. He has had an extended trip abroad and is due home in about three months, when he will come to Los Angeles.

#### Bank Defaulter Stands Pat

That a bank bookkeeper could get away with upward of a hundred thousand dollars before his defalcation was discovered, is a subject of continued discussion in the business district. I am told that one of the city's prominent financial institutions was a victim to the amount of \$8,000, withdrawn by the absconder before he decamped. It is stated that all efforts to persuade the thief to give himself up have failed, due to the fact that he has been insisting upon terms of immunity to which those responsible feel they cannot agree. It is curious to note that while there have been several similar thefts in recent years, in and about Los Angeles,



the victimized banks always have been nationally-chartered institutions, state banks having escaped. Yet the theory has ever been that the inspection of state institutions is largely a matter of form and not at all serious, while that of national banks could hardly be bettered.

#### How the Galled Jade Winces

There is a prospective change in the Los Angeles Tribune business management, according to an advertisement recently printed in the Times, issued by the publisher of the first named morning journal. The same notice also appeared in several of the important eastern trade papers. It was officially announced at the time that not only would the salary conceded be liberal, but a participation of profits would be all that could be wished—or words to that effect. It is reported that the entire business staff of the Earl morning papers was changed this week.

#### Head of Boy Scouts Coming

General Sir Baden Powell, of his British majesty's service, who won in the Boer war a reputation second only to that of Lord Roberts, and who is at the head of the Boy Scout movement, is due to dine in Los Angeles March 5, where he will be the guest of the British-Boer Association. General Powell will arrive in San Francisco March 3, and will be met by a committee from Los Angeles which will escort him south, where he will stay for two days.

#### Passing of Well-Known Minister

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmadge, whose death occurred in Philadelphia recently, occupied a Los Angeles pulpit for almost three years. He was a favorite here, and might have remained indefinitely in charge of the First Presbyterian church had he so elected. He was the only son of the late Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge, in his day one of the famous divines of Brooklyn. His widow is a sister of Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow.

#### Severing Home Ties

Dr. F. K. Ainsworth, who was one of the best known surgeons in this end of the state prior to his transfer to San Francisco as head of the Southern Pacific medical bureau, has resigned as a member of the state board of health. It is not known whether he was asked to leave the public service by Governor Johnson, or whether he has disassociated himself because he had tired of a place for which there is no remuneration, not even that of professional satisfaction. Dr. Ainsworth is planning to take a trip through Europe. It is a safe assumption that his successor in the public service will not be affiliated with the railroad.

#### Queer Quirk in Phone Merger

There is another halt in the expected San Francisco phone merger, said to be due to the fact that northern labor union influences are taking a hand. From what can be learned here it appears that union officials, in order to be revenged on several members of the local Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, have put the screws on the new San Francisco city administration in an effort to prevent approval. As those directly affected have incurred the hostility of the Times, because the proprietor of the Express is a stockholder in San Francisco as well as here, they are being punished in both cities for diametrically opposite reasons.

#### Homer Lea's Serious Illness

His friends are concerned to learn of the serious illness in Nankin of Homer Lea, to whose remarkable talent for organization the new Chinese republic owes much. Lea has been in China several months, having been called there from London, whither he went about a year ago. Although seriously ill when summoned to the Orient he lost no time in obeying what he regarded as a call to duty. Should he recover, the Los Angelean undoubtedly will be an important Caucasian figure in the new republic. He is a graduate of the local high school.

#### Federal Prisoners of War

Criminal court procedure, so far as the United States is concerned, appears to be remarkably slow in this jurisdiction, to the dismay of several alleged offenders, who at times are forced to remain in jail indefinitely before their cases are brought to trial. Jack Mosby, accused of having conspired against Mexican authority in Lower California in the Diaz revolution, has been locked up for months, with no indication that he can be tried in the immediate future. Rhys Price, who was released on bail, after he had been in custody several weeks, without an opportunity to prove his innocence, was a compadre of Mosby's against whom the Mexican government also has employed special counsel. As

it is anything but a certainty that President Madero will remain in office, there is speculation as to how long jail will hold the incarcerated Americans who are accused of having instigated, aided and abetted the insurrection in Lower California about a year ago. All of them are penniless, and apparently none of them went into the Mexican war for anything but adventure. Mosby is said to be seriously ill in jail.

#### Statements are Confusing

"President Taft will be renominated and reelected." "President Taft will be the choice of the Chicago convention, but he will be beaten decisively." "I never discuss politics for publication." These three separate and distinct views—each printed in a different newspaper—are alleged to have been given out this week by George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post. As the periodical has a large local subscription list, its readers noting the various sentiments set forth—and possibly not expressed at all—are likely to become confused. Perhaps Mr. Lorimer will straighten out the tangle—the columns of The Graphic are at his disposal for the purpose.

#### Needham Will Stick

Just as The Graphic stated when the story first appeared several weeks ago, Congressman James Needham will not change his official residence to seek election from the San Diego district. Needham will remain in the Merced end of the San Joaquin Valley and will be an aspirant for another term from that part of the state. While it is understood that he is affiliated with the standpat faction of his party, he numbers among his friends, a score or more of the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders, all of whom will be his staunch supporters in the coming primary. Not to re-elect him will be a serious mistake, for he is one of the influential members of the committee on ways and means, which has to do with trimming the tariff schedules. Congressman Smith will not be a candidate for reelection. He will go back to the editorial tripod on the Bakersfield Echo.

#### Chief Sebastian's Bright Idea

Chief of Police Sebastian has a publicity agent whose equal will be hard to discover. His plan is to establish a force of citizen patrolmen who shall serve for glory. The chief is empowered under the rules of his department to create such an auxiliary force, there being no limit to the number of his proposed squad. As the distinction carries with it free street car transportation and a right to make arrests, the number of applicants has not been small. Also, it is probable that the members of the new battalion may be relieved of jury duty. Incidentally, what is to hinder the members of the new force from getting behind the chief when politics seek to change the head of the department?

#### Norton's Uphill Task

Albert M. Norton is to be the Champ Clark campaign manager in Southern California, with Theodore A. Bell in charge of the Missouri statesman's campaign in the state. As Governor Woodrow Wilson has been in the field here with an organization for many weeks, it is beginning to look like a real contest in this part of the state between the New Jersey man and the speaker of the house of representatives. As usual, W. R. Hearst is to remain in the apparent background, presumably for Clark and against Wilson, always with an eye to the main chance. Mr. Hearst would like to toy with the Southern California delegation for trading purposes, a feat that will not be easy of accomplishment. Clark's candidacy arouses no enthusiasm in Southern California.

#### Custom House for San Diego

Los Angeles may lose the custom house, which, it is not unlikely, will be moved to San Diego. Collector of the Port C. W. Pendleton has urged such a procedure and his recommendation probably will secure official approval at Washington. Years ago, the residence of the collector for the Los Angeles district was in San Pedro, and the fact that the city is on the map as a seaport means that the change will not be detrimental.

#### Taft Loses in Southern California

Now that Col. D. C. Collier of San Diego has taken the war path against President Taft, it will not be known until he returns home about March 1 whether he will make a serious attempt to be sent to the lower house at Washington. The fact that the President has seen fit to snub the San Diego fair will make it still harder for him to secure any part of the Southern California delegation to the Republican National convention. Heretofore Taft has been fairly strong in San Diego, but his espousal of the San Francisco fair, at the expense of the Southern enterprise, has created

much soreness in Mr. Spreckels' home city. Mr. Taft may get a few of the national delegates from San Francisco—perhaps four from two of the city's congressional districts, the remainder of the delegation is not likely to be found favoring his re-nomination.

#### Passing of Esteemed Pioneer

Isaac Newton Van Nuys, who died early this week, was one of the most prominent of Southern California pioneers. He had been failing in health for several months, and toward the end became duty. Should he recover, the Los Angelean un-very feeble. Mr. Van Nuys had hoped to see the completion of his handsome new block at Seventh and Spring streets. His death leaves a vacancy on the board of two of the city's most important financial institutions, which probably will be filled by his son, Benton, who has been in charge of the affairs of the Van Nuys estate for several years. The dead capitalist leaves a fortune estimated at upward of \$5,000,000.

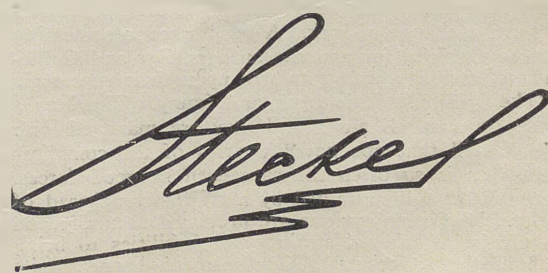
#### Public Spirited Charley Elder

There are those who protest that citizens of Los Angeles do not compare favorably with residents of other cities in matters of public interest and especially in public benefactions. They say, "Where is your public library, where your endowed orchestra, where your statues and monuments to great men?" There has been reason for this reproach in the past, there may be in the future; but a prominent instance of breaking away from the hide-bound tradition of "Me first, the city afterward," has come to light recently in the offer to buy the Normal School site and hold it for the city without advance in price, until the latter had the money to complete the purchase. This land is the last practically unoccupied property near the center of the city. It has an ideal location for civic buildings, for library, art museum and convention hall. Street car lines are within a block and easily could be brought into touch. It is the chance of a lifetime, for the state is ready to sell and has placed a minimum price of \$500,000 on the property. But, alas, the city is poor in funds. It has no half million at hand, even to take advantage of great opportunities. It is resolutely staying away from bargain sales. The aqueduct and the harbor with its attendant railroad will tax the already over-strained finances of the municipality for several years. Then there is the municipal newspaper folly costing \$36,000 a year. Small chance, then, for getting this valuable ground, if one of the city's quiet but thoughtful financiers had not come to the rescue. Charles A. Elder, president of the Los Angeles Investment Company, was the savior. Mr. Elder proposed to the council that his company buy the land, issue notes to the public to raise the funds, hold the property for a term of years and sell it to the city in a given period at the original purchase price. The city thus would get the land at the original figure, the investors in the notes would receive interest on the deferred payments and the company reap what reward it may from the public gratitude for saving this site from falling into the hands of greedy private speculators. Doubtless, there are those who would like to get hold of this property and who would raise the \$500,000 bid, were they not deterred by public condemnation of such a course. Now that the city has a rare opportunity to correct the errors of former generations in not securing such land for public purposes it would be a brave man or a brave clique of speculators who would run athwart public opinion and public interest to make a few thousand dollars by outbidding the city. Still, there may be such; and it behooves the public to keep a close eye on proceedings in this matter and to manifest its interest in no uncertain terms. My compliments to the public spirited Mr. Elder.

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# Books

Of all forms of literature none makes a greater demand upon the aspirant than what one may call the travelogue. And by this I mean not narratives of exploration in unknown lands, but the chronicles of uneventful comings and goings upon the highways and byways of old frequented dominions. It seems so easy when one has seen new and interesting things to recount them in a new and interesting manner. And the task proves to be so difficult of performance. In the first place your traveller must have a capacity for keen and sympathetic observation. We (the readers) are on the alert to see that he does not give us Baedeker and water. We want to hear of things as he sees them; we demand of him a temperament, an interesting point of view. On the other hand the merest hint of insistence upon a personality that we are not entirely in sympathy with is enough to send us flying. We wish to deal with the author's individuality, not with his personality. Our tastes again are manifold and are entitled to due consideration. So the author must be a Jack of many trades, a historian and antiquarian, an artist too and not lacking in an ability to appreciate nature.

If he cannot tell what flowers those are or to what school the artist who paints this picture belongs; if Otto of Bayeux is no more to him than the Akhoond of Swat and Lake Constance merely a body of water surrounded by mountains—if such is his state of mind he is plainly no man for the exacting business of arm chair courier. Above all, though, he must possess a generous and catholic appreciation of peoples and customs, and be ready to forget his own standards even where he cannot modify them. The individual who travels Europe with his nose turned up at everything that isn't done a la mode de Toukville (Pa.), who remembers Florence because he met a man from Pittsburg there and Zurich because the hotel had an American bar or served waffles for breakfast—he is not the man we care to hear from—on paper at least. It may be said that such do not burst into print. I say they do, and if necessary at their own expense. I have suffered and know whereof I speak.

I have intimated that your traveler must be somewhat of a philosopher. He cannot perhaps be a Robert Louis Stevenson, still less a Heine. But to appreciate the good in all one sees and to see everything that comes within the range of one's vision, to remember at all times that a Frenchman is a man first and a Frenchman afterward—this is surely to be a philosopher, at any rate in intent. The author of "The Spell of Holland" is such a philosopher and his chapters are proportionately readable. He comes as near to taking us to Holland with him as can be. Probably there is no country in the world, with the possible exception of Japan, whose characteristics, to use a poor word, have been so brought home to the world at large as Holland. That is because they are at the same time highly original and extremely stereotyped. Dutch landscape consists of canals, windmills, bright-pooed brown sailed barges, black and white cows, and children in baggy trousers, wooden shoes and white caps. It is, in fact, exactly as it appears on tea pots, cushion covers, bathroom tiles and elsewhere. And just because these things are peaceful and pleasant and, if one may use the phrase, elemental—just as the Dutch are comfort loving

and kind hearted and solid—one never tires of them.

Mr. Stevenson, then, has us on his side from the beginning and his own critical ability and sympathetic insight more than suffice to keep us there. He tells us, and truly, that to enjoy Holland one must know one's Motley. One might counter by saying that if you know your Motley Mr. Stevenson will help you to appreciate Holland. For of all European nations, Holland is least thought of for the maritime and commercial greatness that was—and to an extent still is hers. But her victories were won before her own doorway and the insignia of her triumphs are well tended by her children. But Mr. Stevenson is not too much of a historian. His net has a fine mesh and he wields it assiduously. He enjoys the wild flowers and the "wufeleu" no less than the places and the paintings in the Rijks Museum. Nor does he deem the Dutch uncivilized because they fail to appreciate (and supply) Bull Durham and corned beef hash together. The "Spell of Holland" is well and truly caught in Mr. Stevenson's pages. If you have been there you will find no little entertainment in comparing notes with so experienced and sympathetic a traveler. If you have not you will realize, perhaps, that if Paris is the place where good Americans hope to go to when they die, there are a few earthly paradises that they might do worse than look over in the flesh. ("The Spell of Holland." By Burton E. Stevenson. L. C. Page & Co.) C. H. B.

## "Quiet Places"

Sheamus O'Sheel, who is responsible for the appearance in print of Mr. Wuppermann's troubles, describes himself as a "Publisher of books in good taste." Now taste, as Professor Courthouse long ago pointed out, is subject to certain fundamental laws. The motto "de gustibus, non disputandum" is only true insofar as it is applied to objects that occupy the same aesthetic plane. We cannot have recourse to it to justify a preference for what is crude, or tedious or meretricious, or simply fashionable. The measure of good taste is the measure of artistic experience. Accepting this as true it can scarcely be admitted that "Quiet Places" is in good taste. It purports to be poetry. In poetry we look for one of two things, lyric beauty—the charm of language, or beauty of thought. Now, Mr. Wuppermann has no lyric ability. His verses are in this respect doggerel. Take this for example:

Fair is my love to look upon,  
Dear is her beauty to me;  
But oh, more dear than her bodily charms  
Is the beauty I cannot see.

This gem occupies the whole of one page and there are 85 'working' pages in the volume, the price of which is a dollar. One and one seventeenth cents, then, is the toll for this little flake of heart form! But Mr. Wuppermann as a thinker is even more painful than Mr. Wuppermann as a child of song. He maunders sexual platitudes, the tone of most of the poems being in the nature of repentant protestations from a very maudlin Don Juan. Or by way of variety he mangles Bible history. Many of us have outgrown portions of the Sacred Book, but it takes a strong stomach even in a heretic to stand some of this neurotico-sexual rubbish in which Mr. Wuppermann wallows. Perhaps "a warning" is the cream of

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'Paradise Lost'—a feat so amazing that it surpasses belief almost.

Andrew Lang has given "Tante," that fine novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the high mark of his approval. He writes: "I stand amazed by the qualities of the author's genius. When one lights on something really good in contemporary fiction one has pleasure in saying how excellent one finds the rarity." It is long indeed since Lang let himself go to such an extent over a new novel. How many years ago was it that he discovered and carried to enormous popularity that dour record of Scotch life, "The House With the Green Shutters"?

Compton Mackenzie, author of that clever and successful book, "The Passionate Elopement," has just published another story. It is called "Carnival," is almost aggressively actual and down to date and deals with the career of a ballet girl. Two things may be said of that career: it went no further than the ballet and it induced a tendency toward psychological introspection—things, both of them, that show the extent of Mr. Mackenzie's originality.

Writes Baldwin Macy from New York: "The word fitly written is not always read by the yearning eye at the dramatic moment that would make the story. But this is what happened to Samuel Merwin as he sat spiritless and dejected in the forlorn offices of the late Success Magazine, waiting alone for the receivers and their moving van. The fight for Success was over and lost; his forthcoming novel that had been delayed through worry over the office was not finished, and he had half an hour of wondering whether it would ever be, being worn and weary. Then, his sad thoughts becoming too depressing, he picked up a current magazine and turned by chance to an article by Arnold Bennett wherein he flayed American novelists for disregarding the mass of material lying unused in American business life. Merwin read doggedly on; suddenly—'Calumet K,' wrote Bennett, and his reader woke up. Once he had written a book called 'Calumet

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

the volume, the warning being directed to prospective fathers urging them not to impair the vigor of the coming generation by contracting specific diseases during bachelorhood. Great stuff for poetry, this! There should be houses of correction—but enough! This chaste volume is called "Quiet Places." There is a quiet place called the waste paper basket. Therein, carefully, holding our noses let us deposit the detritus of that slatterly and neurotic sexomaniac that Mr. Wuppermann doubtless refers to in moments of intellectual frenzy as his muse. ("Quiet Places." By Carlos Wuppermann. Sheamus O'Sheel.)

## Notes From Bookland

In her "Confessions of a Novelist," Anne Douglas Sedgwick tells, together with many other interesting facts, that "among novelists the Russians are far and away my favorites—Tolstoy first and then Dostolevsky. Turgenev has never meant so much to me as these two. I have always had immense pleasure in reading Meredith and Henry James, and for the later Henry James I care far more than for the earlier. French essayists and critics I have read a great deal and the novelists, but the latter, though always deeply interesting me as craftsmen, have left me chilly—except, perhaps, in one or two short stories—'St. Julien l'Hospitalier' and 'Criquebille' I count among my favorite short stories—with Henry James's perfect 'The Pupil' and W. H. Hudson's exquisite and terrible 'The Old Thorn' in a recent number of The English Review, and this last seems to me one of the most perfect short stories ever written."

Shan F. Bullock, London correspondent of the Chicago Post says: "I like that story of Yeats which George Moore tells in the current number of the English Review. It is in connection with a certain discussion that once came between Moore and George Russell, the Irish poet, on the efficacy of prayer; and the record is that once when Yeats was crossing to the Arran Islands a storm arose, and the hooker was in danger of foundering. 'Yeats fell upon his knees and tried to say a prayer; but the nearest thing to one he could think of was 'Of man's first disobedience and the fruit,' and he spoke as much of 'Paradise Lost' as he could remember.' The story is delightful. It recalls to me Trevelyan's account of how Macaulay relieved the tedium of a journey to Ireland by repeating from memory the whole of



# Music

By W. F. Gates

There are three classes of persons who can enjoy Myrtle Elvyn's playing: first, those that are blind; second, those who are deaf; third, the larger class that is neither. Which is to say that Miss Elvyn is more richly endowed than most artists. When she was a baby, the gods asked which she would prefer, good looks or great artistry. She promptly answered, "Me wants bofe of 'em"—and got them. Miss Elvyn played a program at the Auditorium Tuesday night that would tax the powers of any artist on the concert stage. It had strong leanings towards the bravura and abounded in requirements which a lesser artist could not meet. However much one may speak of the technical display, there is yet her performance of the Beethoven sonata appassionata to fall back on—clear and crisp, with all respect for the work of the formal master. Miss Elvyn rejoices in a physique that was not over-taxed by the requirements of a big program. She takes joy in living and playing. I will wager that she does not worry her pretty head about theosophy, metempsychosis or equal suffrage. She sees beauty in her music, radiant, joyous—no psychology or metaphysics—and gives it out so to her auditors. In future years, perhaps, she will turn more to the tender and the sad, to the love-lorn and the lonely; but at present she is in the heyday of youth. All's well with the world, let's enjoy its beauty while we may, seems her doctrine—and who can say it is a mistaken one. Certainly, an optimist in music is as pleasant a person to have around as a pessimist. Four Liszt paraphrases and the Schulz-Evler "Blue Danube" paraphrase presented a dazzling array of pyrotechnics, a wonderful display of its kind. Two of her own compositions proved her to have no small talent in that direction and gave promise of larger things. The audience was of fair size for a piano recital and vociferously expressed its approval of the artist's work.

At Blanchard Hall last Tuesday evening—an unfortunate time, considering the Elvyn recital—Mme. Richardson and Mons. Mascall, of the defunct Grazi opera company, gave a recital of operatic numbers in which they presented several of their best arias, especially from modern operas. These singers, with Mons. Affre, form the greatest trio of artists in that company and are ranked not far from the Metropolitan company stars. The attendance was of moderate quantity but of a quality which enjoyed to the full the rich selection of solos offered.

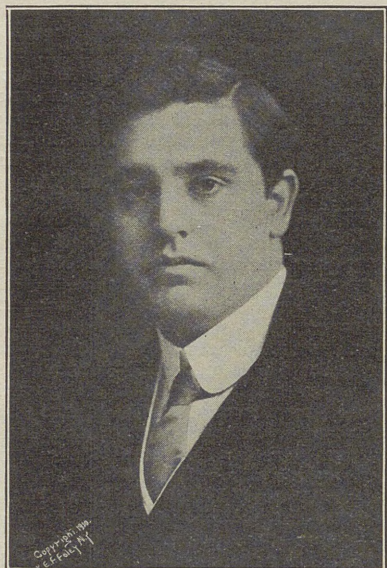
Schumann-Heink's second concert was more of a test of her popularity in Los Angeles than the first, as there was no bargain-counter price list to attract an audience, as there is in a course of concerts. The Auditorium again was filled with a most attentive and delighted audience. Her greatest effects were made in Bragan's aria from "Tristan und Isolde" and in Mary Salter Turner's "Cry of Rachel." The latter is an unusually dramatic song to come from the pen of a woman, and while it shows a striving for effects the composer generally attained them. Mme. Schumann-Heink met here a little sixteen-year-old piano prodigy, Sarah Suttle of Chicago, who had played on the artist's programs previously, and the great singer insisted that she play in the song intermission on this occasion. The girl's numbers were from Chopin, the B flat minor scherzo, an etude and

a nocturne, which were given with remarkable clarity and grace for so young a player. The audience enjoyed the singer's gracious introduction of her protegee. The Saturday afternoon program again witnessed a crowded auditorium, completing a trio of concerts that possibly no other artist could do save, perhaps, Paderewski and draw three large audiences in Los Angeles within a week.

Charles F. Edson, baritone, gave a lecture on the "Redemption" oratorio, at the Y. W. C. A. hall Monday night, in which he was assisted in musical illustrations by Josephine Gottfredson, soprano, and Harriet James, pianist. The lecture was entertaining as well as musically instructive.

Friday night, the Southern California Music Teachers' Association, under the management of F. G. Ellis, president, held its quarterly meeting. On the program were Alice Coleman, playing Grieg's ballade, Mrs. L. J. Selby, contralto, Grace M. Stivers, soprano, and J. P. Dupuy, tenor.

Blanchard Hall was filled with an interested and applauding audience Saturday night to hear the Brahms



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piano quintet. The leading number was the Sgambati quintet which with the Beethoven minuet and Gossec Gavotte proved most pleasing to the auditors. Caesar Franck's quintet closed the program. Mrs. Wylie was the soloist, singing numbers by Chadwick, Homer, Hawley and Flegier. The Brahms quintet has stuck to its propaganda through thick and thin and now is drawing crowded houses.

Thursday morning Mrs. Hibler, Mrs. Dreyfus, Otto Kunitz and the Coutelence string trio and the Sierra male quartet gave a varied program at the Ebell club house.

Mary L. O'Donoghue has been appointed organist at the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, reputed to be the richest Presbyterian church on the Pacific Coast. She formerly held this position for a number of years.

Tonight, at the Friday Morning club house, Oskar Seiling will give a violin program which promises to be unusu-

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ally interesting as it includes a half-dozen selections which are decided novelties, in addition to a Vieuxtemps concerto and the Sarasate "Gypsy Life."

Vernon Spencer and Ralph Wylie have begun a series of piano and violin recitals at Blanchard Hall, which will be given Friday afternoons.

Friday afternoon, March 8, the fifth Symphony concert, a Russian program, will be rendered. Tchaikovsky's Overture Fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet," will open the program. The Symphony is by Rachmaninoff. Harold Bauer is the soloist and will play Beethoven's celebrated Emperor Concerto in E flat. This is the last but one of the Symphony concerts for this season.

Luisa Tetrazzini of the golden voice is coming to the Auditorium for two recitals, March 1 and 4. It is now almost a year since the great diva appeared in this city, but no one has forgotten her artistry and success.

Nell Lockwood McCune, the contralto, gave two groups of songs for the San Fernando Press Club Tuesday afternoon at a reception. Mrs. McCune will also give a miscellaneous program before the Ebell Club of Santa Ana.

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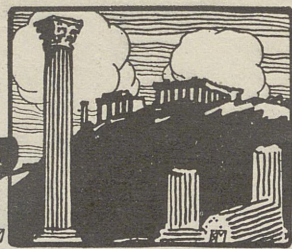
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# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

**EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK**  
Norman St. Clair—Daniell Gallery.  
J. Bond Francisco—Daniell Gallery.  
Senor Valencia—Blanchard Gallery.  
Frank H. Heath—McBurney Gallery.  
English Prints—Dawson Bookshop, Hill Street.  
Jules Pages—Grace Nicholson Gallery, Pasadena.

Two days ago I overheard three well dressed women discussing local art conditions across a luncheon table: "Really, Mrs. Y," said Mrs. X, "do you see any improvement in conditions of market and appreciation for native art in the West, over your last visit in 1908?"

"None whatever," declared Mrs. Y. How I longed to be Mrs. Z and correct such an ill-considered statement, but I couldn't be, and Mrs. Z smiled blandly and said, "O, dear, no! Sad."

It would be sad, indeed, if such were true, but, fortunately for native art and artists, it is not the case. If space permitted I would prove statistically that the local market is better to-day than it was a year ago, which must surely argue that appreciation is also keener. If the fact that since Christmas the sales from two public art galleries have totalled \$10,000 and the problem today of giving six individual exhibitions notice in keeping with their merit in a two column space which confronts the reviewer is not sufficient proof of our art growth, I know of no other point with which to score.

In the Daniell Gallery in the Copp Building is to be seen in gallery "A" a representative collection of landscapes and marines in watercolors by Norman St. Clair of Pasadena. In spite of Mr. St. Clair's recent illness he has many new canvases of strength and beauty to show at this time. Mr. St. Clair's work is too well and favorably known locally to need a technical analysis at this time. It is sufficient to say that the present showing measures well up to the standard of his best efforts and that every picture shown is a gem in pure watercolor. "Overlooking San Fernando" is the mores" shows a group of huge, gnarled foothill landscape. The composition is excellent and the play of light fine. "San Marino" is a group of giant oak trees over which the shadows of passing clouds are strongly felt. "Oak Knoll" is notable for the effect of golden sunlight on the graceful eucalyptus trees. The distance is as beautiful as a dream picture and the foreground is a mosaic of oriental color. "Syca-mond color that it seems almost ethereal one of which is quite bare of foliage, and "La Canada" is a problem study of hills and valley. "At the Bend of the Stream" is a very successful study of the Arroyo Seco. The color scheme is of great beauty and the decorative quality of the distant trees is pleasing. "Mustard Time" is so subtle and delicate in treatment and color that it seems almost ethereal. The rolling hills are just turning a faint yellow with their wealth of flowering mustard and a foreground of oaks gives a contrast in line and color. "Eucalyptus" is a decorative study of rare beauty in which the values are perfect. "Oak Park" is a group of trees against blue and rose colored hills and "Lamanda Park" is a typical Southern California study full of fine painting. Several well painted marines and two moonlight arroyo scenes add variety and charm to the collection.

In Gallery "B" the J. Bond Francisco exhibit of marines and foothill

landscapes is still on view. Several new canvases have been added to fill vacancies where sales have been made. Gallery "C" and gallery "D" are given over to a general collection of work by Rogers, Daniell, Miller, Wendt, Mannheim, Puthuff, and others.

Of great interest to all who can appreciate the master genius of Jules Pages is the collection of eight new canvases, direct from this noted artist's atelier in Paris, which are now on public view in the unique gallery of Miss Grace Nicholson in Pasadena. Mr. Pages is a native of San Francisco, but for many years has lived abroad where he occupies a conspicuous position in the art circles of the capitals of the old world. His Paris Salon honors are many. In 1895 he received an honorable mention, in 1899 a gold medal, and in 1905 hors concours. In 1906 the French government purchased one of Mr. Pages' canvases for the Luxembourg and in 1910 he was given the decoration of Chevalier de la Legion D'Honneur. At present Mr. Pages holds a professorship in the Julian Academy. His pictures are always in demand in foreign and eastern art markets and were it not for the friendship existing between the artist and Mr. Fussenot of Los Angeles it is not probable that we would have even an occasional opportunity of seeing Mr. Pages' work. The present showing is of a high order and includes Mr. Pages' Salon picture of last year, "Bruges, Sunday Morning." In the foreground are seen two bowed peasant women returning from church. Across a walled canal a row of many-gabled red-roofed homes makes a colorful background. "Brittany Interior" and "House Where Ernest Renan Was Born" are finely painted interiors full of rich juicy color and brilliant in technicalities. "Fisherman's Hut, Brittany," is charmingly composed. The handling of sunlight and shadow is skillful and the spotting of red notable. The figures are well placed. "Coming from Church" is a street scene in Bruges as also is "Old Canal, Bruges;" both are fine in their tones of gray and virile brush work. "My Garden at Brehot" is a colorful study in which the painting of the stone wall is the best feature. Let all who can visit this showing.

Frank L. Heath, formerly of San Francisco, but late of Santa Cruz, is showing a collection of about thirty landscapes and marines at the McBurney Gallery in the Walker Theater Building. Mr. Heath for many years has studied the natural beauty of the Pacific Coast and has given faithful and in numerous instances fine interpretation of its truth and beauty. Mr. Heath is a lover of the out-of-doors and his canvases reveal a worship of nature which has inspired his brush. For a number of years this artist has maintained a winter studio at Santa Cruz and a summer studio at Mt. Hermon. Many of the works now on view depict the beauty of northern coast and mountain scenery in the vicinity of Monterey and Santa Cruz, a few were painted in the big basin region, while others were made in the redwood forests and along the coast above Santa Barbara. Four panels depicting wood interiors and four showing the fantastic growth of the cypress trees at Monterey are of note. "Foggy Morning, Cypress Point," and "The Old Veteran" are good in composition and color. Mr. Heath excels in his marine canvases

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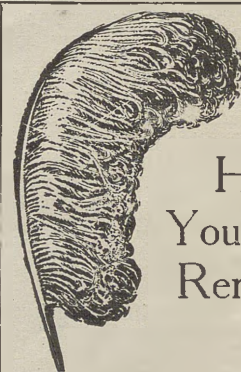
Spring St. at Third

which are exceedingly well painted. "Summer Morning by the Sea," "Ocean Caves," "Gray Day on Coast," and "Sunlight on Sea" are among his best works.

For the last fortnight Miss Margaret M. Taylor has been showing sixteen portrait and ideal studies in oil at the Friday Morning club house. Miss Taylor came to Los Angeles from the east a little more than a year ago and the majority of the excellent canvases shown have been painted in Los Angeles. A head study of Byron Box, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Box, is very pleasing, as also is "Eighteenth Century Girl," a head study of an auburn-haired beauty in an old-fashioned gown. "A Spanish Dancer" is the title given to a pleasing study of a pretty young girl in a fancy costume, and "Cavalier" is a strongly painted costume pose. "Violets," "The Pink Lady," and "Study of Woman in Brown" are ideal heads of pleasing quality. A finely painted nude was shown which I regret to say created unpleasant notoriety and a display of mock-modesty on the part of a few prudish individuals. Strong portraits of Mrs. Ganinety of San Diego, Dr. Randall Hutchinson, Mrs. Parsons, Miss Fanny Hunt, and Miss Juliet Borden, were shown at this time.

Miss Xefria Hamilton Towner is showing a large collection of pastel studies of California landscapes and marines at Hotel Maryland in Pasadena. Miss Towner handles her delicate medium in a poetic manner and many of the studies on view possess a decorative quality which is very pleasing. A few new compositions are shown, but the majority received favorable notice at the occasion of Miss Towner's recent exhibition at the McBurney Gallery in Los Angeles.

Lovers of fine English color prints will find a rare treat at the new print gallery which Ernest Dawson has just opened in connection with the Old Bookshop, 511 South Hill street. Mr. Dawson has recently effected arrangements with Ackerman and Son of London, whereby print lovers in Los Angeles may keep in touch with the best



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of the art. The name Ackerman stands for quality in color prints. Founded by Rudolph Ackerman in 1723, the house has continued from father to son, the present proprietor being a great-grandchild of the founder. Their print shop in Regent Street has for more than a hundred years formed one of the artistic attractions of London. Mr. Dawson is showing in addition to the old color prints a choice collection of hand-colored reprints of famous old sporting and coaching prints and the work of famous English artists of the latter part of the eighteenth century, all expressions of the finest art in color work.



# Social & Personal

Mrs. Allan Balch and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant presided over a luncheon at the California Club Wednesday. Spring blossoms decorated the table, and the rooms were massed with almond blossoms, which were woven into a screen behind which was stationed an orchestra. Mrs. Balch and Mrs. Bryant were assisted by Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mrs. James McBride Cockins, Mrs. J. S. Chapman, Mrs. Leo Chandler, Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mrs. Fred Bixby, Mrs. W. A. Barker, Mrs. James C. Drake, Mrs. Lynn Helm, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Granville McGowan, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt, Mrs. H. B. Wing and Miss Echo Allen.

Thursday was a brilliant day in society, numerous smart affairs being scheduled. The California Club was the scene of a large and elaborate reception from three to five, when Mrs. J. M. Danziger, Mrs. Silsby Spalding and Miss Aileen Canfield, daughter of Mr. Charles Canfield, entertained for their sister, Mrs. Casper Whitnev of New York, who is making a six weeks' visit here. The reception rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion. Those who assisted the hostess in receiving were Mrs. Frank Larned, Mrs. John Llewellyn, Mrs. E. C. Macgauran, Mrs. M. S. Tupper, Mrs. E. T. Weid, Mrs. A. C. Parsons, Mrs. Leroy Edwards, Mrs. C. F. Peck, Mrs. Harold Janss, Mrs. Robert Heffner, Mrs. F. W. Braun, Mrs. Raymond Bradford, Miss Ruth Larned, Miss Clara Vickers, Miss Florence Clark, Miss Kathleen Spring, Miss Lina Johnson, Miss Edna Bradford, Miss Edna Lettis, Miss Winifred Maxon, Miss Pauline Vollmer, Miss Josephine Lacy and Miss Ada Sealey. Last night Mr. Canfield gave a pretty dancing party at the Hotel Alexandria in comment to Miss Aileen Canfield. More than two hundred invitations were issued, exclusively to the younger set.

In honor of their cousin, Miss Gwendolyn Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Mitchell of Chicago, Col. and Mrs. William May Garland of West Adams street gave a dancing party at the California Club, to which three hundred and fifty guests were bidden. Supper was served at small tables scattered through the men's dining room on the third floor. Miss Mitchell and her parents are at their winter home in Pasadena for a visit, having come from Chicago in their private car. She made her debut Thanksgiving Day at a large tea given at her Chicago home. Among the out of town guests at the affair was Mrs. H. W. Simpson of New York, formerly Miss Constance Jones of this city, and her daughter, Miss Doria Jones. Mrs. Jones and Miss Dora will shortly leave for England, where they will pass the remainder of the season in London. Mrs. Jones' two sons, Messrs. Deighton and Jack, are at Eton.

Preceding the Garland ball, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner entertained at dinner. Daffodils and acacia blossoms were used as decorations and covers were laid for twelve.

Society will doff the cap and bells Wednesday for sackcloth and ashes, but there will be several merry affairs before the Lenten season begins—and no small number of them while the period of penitence is in existence. The "wind-up" of the season will be the big Mardi Gras ball of the Bachelors, which takes place Monday night at the Alexandria. The Bachelors are planning to outdo their previous efforts on this occasion, and the guests will do their share by the extravagance of their costuming, which will

be of the fancy dress variety, which will give the men an opportunity to forego the conventional black and white of evening attire for the motley garb of Mardi Gras. Preceding the ball, many of the smart folk will entertain with dinners.

Miss Elizabeth Coley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Turner Coley of Brawley, Cal., was married to Mr. Melrowe Martin Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Carolyn Leahy of 699 Wilshire place. The bride, who had no attendants, was gowned in crepe meteor with gold and silver fringe trimmings. Her bouquet was of bride roses. After the ceremony the guests, who numbered sixty, were entertained with a supper and musical program.

Complimentary to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Henry Seward Van Dyke, formerly Miss Katherine Moulton, Mrs. William Van Dyke received Tuesday afternoon at her home on West Adams street. Carnations, jonquils and potted plants beautified the house. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Walter Van Dyke, Mrs. E. Knowlton, Jr., Mrs. Carroll Allen, Mrs. Allan Balch, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Gilbert Gay, Mrs. W. A. Gray, Mrs. Lynn Helm, Mrs. Scott Helm, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Mary Russell, Mrs. J. H. Utley, Mrs. Elbert Wing, Mrs. West Hughes, Miss Mary Russell, Mrs. J. H. Utley, Mrs. Elbert Wing, Mrs. Horace Wing, and the Misses Caroline Van Dyke, Echo Allen, Inez Clark, Lucille Clark, Eva Gray, Sallie Utley, Marjorie Utley, Margaret Wing and Miss Wing.

Mrs. H. A. Cummins of Ashtabula, O., is the house guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Peebles of 1828 Van Ness avenue.

Mrs. M. A. Bostwick of 422 West Adams street has returned from a two months' visit to Oakland and San Francisco.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis entertained a number of kindred spirits Sunday evening with a French-Spanish dinner in honor of Affre, the tenor. M. Affre sang his first phonographic record in the United States—a perfect rendition of "Les Violettes." Mme. Affre and Mme. Chambellan, Edward V. Naud, Miss Stella Barter, and several others contributed to a musical program.

Miss Katherine Mullen is giving a theater party at the Belasco this afternoon, in honor of Miss Aileen Phillips. After the performance tea will be served at the Alexandria for fourteen.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cheney of 11 Berkeley Square entertained Monday evening with a dinner at the California Club, following which the guests formed a box party at the Majestic. Those who accepted invitations were Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Mr. and Mrs. Stimson and Mr. and Mrs. Roland P. Bishop.

Mrs. Kenneth Preuss of 2707 West First street gave an informal dinner-dance Tuesday night in honor of Miss Sally Bonner and Mr. Harry Borden whose engagement is announced. American beauties formed the decorations. Those who enjoyed the occasion were Miss Mary Walker, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Juliet Borden, Miss Marion Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, Mr. Paul Herron, Mr. Artis Robinson, and Mr. Bradner Lee, Jr.

Mrs. William Hamilton Cline of 1423 Oak street is in San Francisco for a short stay.

Mrs. John W. Thayer of 1265 Mount Olive avenue gave a luncheon Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Lillian Werth Fruhling, who is soon to go abroad. Suggestions of an ocean trip



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The "Nemo," \$3.50 to \$5.  
The "Successo," \$2.50 to \$5.  
The "C. B.," \$1 to \$7.50.  
The "Royal Worcester," \$1 to \$4.

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were utilized in the decorations, and place cards and centerpiece were miniature streamers. Those who enjoyed Mrs. Thayer's hospitality were Mrs. E. R. Sargeant, Mrs. S. S. McGill, Mrs. F. B. Mills, Mrs. Leroy K. Daniels, Mrs. E. A. Rowe, Mrs. George McIntyre, Mrs. Hugh Jones, Mrs. Mary Otto, Mrs. E. J. Brent, Mrs. Theodore Stassforth, Mrs. Harry Harrington and Mrs. Harry Duffill.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns of 3538 Wilshire boulevard gave a bridge supper Wednesday night to seventy-five guests. Daffodils and acacia blossoms were used in the decorations and place cards were pretty valentines. Mr. and Mrs. Burns were assisted by Miss Marguerite Wilson and Miss Pauline Vollmer.

Mrs. George J. Birkel of 2306 South Figueroa street entertained Wednesday night with a dinner for twelve. Pink spring flowers were used as a centerpiece. Mrs. Birkel is planning a musicals and luncheon later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller Chanslor of 6 Berkeley Square have returned from San Diego, where they have been enjoying a motor trip. They were accompanied by Mrs. Chanslor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Howell.

Mrs. Harrison Heinrich of 758 West Adams street gave a card party yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the S. P. C. A.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Trueworthy, accompanied by Miss Alberta Trueworthy and Mrs. Albert Schunemann, have returned from a motor trip to Arrowhead.

Miss Marguerite Hatch of Cahuenga boulevard gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. R. B. Hardacre.

Miss Beatrice H. Mack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Mack of 928 West Fifty-fifth street, became the bride Wednesday of Mr. W. W. Gordon, son of Colonel Hanford Gordon of West Washington street. After the cere-

mony dinner was served at the Alexandria, the young couple leaving immediately after for San Francisco, whence they will sail for the Orient.

Mrs. George H. Stoll of Hollywood entertained with a valentine luncheon Wednesday, at which she made announcement of the engagement of Miss Margaret Louise Stoll to Mr. Alfred J. Cook, son of Mr. Henry Cook of West Twenty-fourth street. No date has been set for the wedding.

Miss Anne Shaw Faulkner of Chicago is the house guest of Mrs. Frederick Fischer of 341 Andrews boulevard. Miss Faulkner is well known in musical and social circles in New York, Boston and Chicago for her Wagnerian recitals and opera musicales. She has been for many years director of the program study classes of the Theodore Thomas orchestra and for the last two seasons the official lecturer of the Chicago Grand Opera company.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh are occupying their beautiful new home at the corner of Harvard and Wilshire boulevards. Miss Virginia Walsh has as house guest Miss Arabella Morrow, daughter of Judge Morrow of San Francisco. Miss Morrow is planning to stay several weeks and there will be a number of affairs given for her by the younger set.

Mrs. H. L. Story gave a charming luncheon and bridge at the Altadena Country Club Monday afternoon, her guests comprising a number of the younger set in Pasadena and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton of 448 Andrews boulevard have as house guest Miss Nellie Ord, daughter of Colonel E. C. Ord of Berkeley.

In honor of Miss Aileen Phillips, whose engagement was recently announced, and of her house guest, Miss Drusilla Sage of Indianapolis, Miss Mildred Power of 1248 Third avenue entertained Monday with a bridge luncheon. Miss Power was assisted by



Mrs. William Hackney and Miss Katherine Boyce. Her guests were: Mmes. George Ellis, E. C. Bowers, R. L. Byron, C. F. Potter, G. M. McGovern, L. E. Atkinson, Lawrence Field Kelsey, E. E. Chapman and F. J. Kanne and the Misses Helen Galbraith, Florence Crocker, Ruth Wood, Margaret Wood, Mildred Neiswender, Bertha Lull, Grace Barker, Helen Updegraff, Florence Judd, Elizabeth Richards, Eloise Watson, Louise Hauser, Gertrude Connell, Sally Polk, Marie Nolan, Agnes Whitaker, Olive Bennet, Marie Schumann, Maude Adams, Mamie Voight, Rae Belle Morlan, Katherine Wells, Marion Jacobs, Evelyn Nelson and Irma Meze.

Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick of 933 South Burlington avenue entertained a large number of guests at a recent musicale, at which several leading members of the Gazi Opera Company sang. Mrs. Bobrick was assisted by her daughter, Miss Marie Bobrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Barham of West Seventh street gave an informal dinner Wednesday evening, entertaining eight guests. A silver basket, filled with yellow jonquils, formed the centerpiece.

Mrs. Fred Elmer Wilcox of South Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena, entertained with a luncheon Tuesday. Orchids, jonquils and ferns were utilized in the decorations.

Mrs. Robert Jones Burdette has returned to her home in Pasadena after a brief stay at Clifton-By-the-Sea.

Friday evening Mrs. Webster Merrifield and her daughter gave a reception at their home in San Rafael Heights.

This afternoon Miss Marybelle Peyton is entertaining for Miss Edna Letts, who is soon to be married to Mr. Malcolm McNaghten. The affair is in the nature of a miscellaneous shower, and guests are intimate friends of the bride-elect. Tuesday afternoon Miss Letts is to be the honored guest at a reception with which her bridesmaid, Miss Josephine Lacy, will entertain.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Kress of Hotel Alvarado gave a valentine dinner party Tuesday evening, covers being placed for eight. A heart formed of pink sweet peas made a charming centerpiece.

Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett of Hollywood is planning a series of bridge luncheons for the season, the first to take place Tuesday, Feb. 20, with Mrs. Erasmus Wilson as honored guest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly of Pasadena and their daughter, Mrs. Herman Janss, of Brentwood have left for a trip to Honolulu. As a farewell to Mrs. Janss Mrs. Willard Doran of West Twenty-seventh street recently entertained with a pretty luncheon.

Mrs. Philip A. Newmark of 334 West Twenty-seventh street will be at home informally Wednesday afternoon in honor of her house guest, Miss Jeanette Muhlfelder of New York.

Owing to the death of her nephew, Russell Goodrich, who died of smallpox while in India, Mrs. W. W. Neuer of Bonnie Brae street recalled the invitations issued by her for a Valentine party which she had planned in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Ruth Larned.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark of West Adams street announce the engagement of their niece, Miss Sally Ann Bonner, to Mr. Harry Innes Borden, son of Mr. Sheldon Borden of South Hope street. No date has been set for the wedding.

Miss Florence Palmer of Janesville, Wis., is the house guest of Mrs. William F. Callender, who entertained last week with a pretty luncheon in her honor.

Miss Catherine Frances Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Smith of Hollywood, became the bride of Mr. Harry Chamberlin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chamberlin, Wednesday evening. The ceremony took place at the bride's home, and was read by the Rev. Horace Day. Only the families and a few intimate friends witnessed

the wedding. Bride's roses and pink Killarneys were utilized in the decoration scheme, the service being read beneath a canopy of roses and ferns. The bride wore a gown of white meteor satin, trimmed with pearls. Her veil was caught with orange blossoms, and she carried lilies of the valley and orchids. Miss Margaret Loomis, who was maid of honor, wore blue satin draped with pink chiffon. Andrew Smith served Mr. Chamberlin as best man. After a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will make their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seward Van Dyke are at home to their friends at the Hotel Darby.

Miss Gladys Reynolds of New Hampshire boulevard entertained Wednesday afternoon with a tea in compliment to Mrs. Leonard Fowler, formerly Miss Beatrice Fessenden. Jonquils and fernery decorated the houses, and those who stood in the receiving line were Mmes. E. W. Reynolds, A. B. Ebner, J. T. Cooper, A. B. Harper, W. B. Smith, and the Misses Bertha Lull, Inez Thomas, Ethel Davenport, Bessie Harris, Maud Wood, Ruth Wood, Claire Smith, Ethel Canfield, Marie Vail, Lois Randall, and Alice Butler. As a surprise to Miss Reynolds' guests came the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Walter Butler, son of Mr. J. O. Butler.

Mrs. Alexander Campbell of the Westminster Hotel has gone to Washington for a visit. At the conclusion of her stay in the east she will sail for Europe.

In honor of Miss Edna Letts, one of the most popular brides-elect of the season, Miss Aileen Canfield of South Alvarado street entertained Tuesday afternoon with a luncheon. Almond blossoms and jink roses, decorated the table, which were lighted with pink-shaded candles. Hand-painted place cards were in bridal effect. Places were arranged for Mrs. Arthur Letts, Mrs. Caspar Whitney of New York, Mrs. J. M. Danziger, Mrs. Silsby Spalding, Mrs. Harold Janss, Mrs. Edwin Janss, and the Misses Ruth Larned, Miss Pauline Vollmer, Miss Marybelle Peyton, Miss Josephine Lacy, and Miss Winifred Maxon.

Arrangements are being completed for the annual Barlow sanatorium benefit, which is to be a big charity ball at the Shrine auditorium. All proceeds from these affairs are devoted to the sanatorium where a noble fight is being made against the great white plague. All expenses are met by friends of the cause—and they are legion. Wednesday afternoon a special committee met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Barlow on South Figueroa street to discuss plans for the big dance, which takes place April 10. The committee consists of Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Dr. Milbank Johnson, Mrs. Edwin T. Earl and Mrs. E. J. Marshall.

Miss Lois Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chamberlain of Vermont avenue, will be married to Mr. Stuart M. Salisbury at a quiet family gathering Wednesday evening. Miss Chamberlain's ill health has prevented her accepting any prenuptial entertainment, and has also compelled her to forego the elaborate wedding which had been planned.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. John Chanslor, Mrs. Walter Cosby, Mrs. Waller Chanslor and Miss Bird Chanslor will give a big reception at the home of Mrs. Waller Chanslor in Berkeley Square in honor of Mrs. Waller Chanslor's sister, Mrs. Jack Johnston, who is expected home from her honeymoon in the Orient. Those who will assist the hostesses are Mmes. Felix Howes, W. H. Anderson, O. F. Brant, William Innes, J. F. Conroy, A. L. Cheney, Wilard J. Doran, F. O. Johnson, Herman Janss, Ezra Stinson, L. D. Sale, John Milner, Lyman Farwell, Arthur Leavitt, Philip Wilson, Glover Widney, Deward DeVan, E. P. Johnson, Jr., Lee Phillips, Louis Allen, Fred Griffith

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and the Misses Mazie Mather, Helen Brant, Lila Jolly, Virginia Walsh, Emma Conroy, Mamie Maier, Lina Johnson and Bonnie Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Secondo Guasti of 2700 West Adams street have left for New York, whence they will tour the United States.

Mrs. W. W. Huntington of 1200 Huntington Drive entertained Wednesday afternoon with an English tea in honor of Miss Dorothy Foster and Miss Mae Foster. Assisting her in receiving were Mrs. Clarence A. Foster and Mrs. David A. Vail.

Monday afternoon Mrs. J. B. Dawson of Rampart street will give a box party at the Belasco, preceded by a colonial luncheon at the Jonathan Club.

Scheduled for next week are two affairs with which Mrs. Thomas R. Lee will be honored. Mrs. Morris Albec of Juliet street entertains Monday with a luncheon, and Tuesday Mrs. H. T. Lee of West Adams street will also give a luncheon.

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# Cheaters

Fashion smiles upon Mrs. Leslie Carter. Regardless of what she plays, the world flocks to see her play it, and is well advised in so doing for without question this actress has power. That it is sharply limited in scope, and lacks subtlety only serves to insure her a wider, larger following. Like the "divine Sarah," she chooses to play characters in which she can run the gamut of emotions, unhampered by conventions, consequently she has come to typify the courtesan. "Two Women" at the Majestic this week, fol-

to sell, and is painting a portrait of his wife. She continues to sew and support them while he waits for success. Her health having been undermined by her confined life, and incessant labor, her love for her husband has the pathos of tragedy. She faints over her work and is placed upon her bed by her husband and the attending doctor. As she sleeps, a representative of a business firm comes with contracts, accepting her husband's invention and paying him advance royalties. The future is assured. Wild



NANNETTE FLACK, WITH "ALMA," AT THE MASON

lows the rule, after the first act, Count Remy de Margyl, spoiled child of fortune, has squandered his patrimony in two short years of dissipation; at the end of that time his family casts him off. He wanders at night in the park, contemplating any desperate end, when he notices a little seamstress who has dropped her bundle of work. He assists her, remarks her beauty and modesty, so different from the women who have helped him make ducks and drakes of his money—falls in love with her and marries her, in the guise of a poor painter. As the play begins, he has invented a process which he hopes

with delight he sends the maid out to buy wedding cake and wine, that they may have the delayed celebration of their marriage. He calls Jeannette to come and see; she thinks it a dream until she touches the cake, then in a burst of ecstasy she falls dying, as her husband tells her the news of their fortune. Broken-hearted, Count Remy wanders for two years until he is brought back to Paris by the word from his friend that in Jeannine Bartlett, leader of the ballet, and notorious for her amours, is the living image of his dead wife. This is the opportunity for the actress, the two char-

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Assisted by Marie Narelle, soprano, Mr. Spencer Clay at the piano. Seat Sale at Bartlett's and the Auditorium.

Prices .....75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50

acters, unlike in everything, but the external resemblance. First, the sweet, pretty, devoted wife, and then the courtesan—flippant, daring, "dressed like the fourteenth of July" as one man describes her, and in the end, of course, redeemed by love. The old theme with a new setting. The play is an adaptation and too foreign in its essential points to touch very nearly the American ideal, but it is full of dramatic contrasts, fine bits of dialogue and plenty of thrills. Mrs. Carter has grown in her art; the touching sweetness of the wife's dream of death is given with exquisite feeling and the whims and varying moods of the cocotte done with equal skill. That the sentiment is mawkish is no fault of Mrs. Carter's, and that it is so well played that its hollowness escapes notice, is all to her credit. Franklyn Underwood as the Count Remy plays without subtlety a subtle part. There is no suggestion of the knowing man of the world who has squandered two fortunes. Mrs. Carter's gowns are ravishing, in color and texture. The play is excellently mounted.

#### "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," Mason

George Cohan has evolved a "mile-a-minute" farce comedy in his adaptation of George Randolph Chester's stories of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." "Something doing every minute" might be the catch line used in the three sheets for this show, for its characters rush on and off the stage as though participating in a foot-race, and the situations are developed almost as speedily. For three acts the fun continues—and there is a fourth thrown in for measure that isn't needed in the least, isn't a credit to Mr. Cohan or Mr. Chester, but merely works out the story so that the audience will have nothing to think about. As given at the Mason the fun might be even faster and more furious had the company been more discreetly chosen. John Webster gives a satisfactory picture of Wallingford, although he misses many opportunities by overplaying. But he is big and well-set-up, with personality and presence, and he wins his audience without delay. His partner in crime, Blackie Daw, is acceptably portrayed

by William H. Forestelle. The women are not so satisfactory. There is a great deal more in the role of Fanny Jasper than Rose Curry gets out of it, and one really wonders how much Marjorie Foster pays Cohan & Harris a week to permit her to play. Florence Dunlap as Bessie Meers, the head waitress, makes one of the hits of the evening, capturing her listeners even before she delivers a line. Fortunately, the story is so well worked out, and the types are so genuine that even a mediocre company cannot spoil the play. Wallingford is a scoundrel, of a likable sort, and when he suddenly discovers that his scheme of "doing the boobs" in a country town by interesting them in the manufacture of a covered carpet-tack is really a good thing, the audience exults in his determination to go straight, but undoubtedly they would be just as sympathetic were he to make a getaway. The situations are the fruits of Chester's brain, but their building into a play undoubtedly is the work of George Cohan, who could extract fun from a sarcophagus.

#### "Fourth Estate," at the Belasco

Joseph Mediil Patterson, himself the editor of one of the country's big newspapers, has written a newspaper play in "The Fourth Estate" that will prove interesting to the newspaper man, and should be fascinating to the average theatergoer. These be muck-raking days, and it seems a delight to the public to have its governmental officials attacked—particularly those of the judiciary. For this reason "The Fourth Estate" at the Belasco theater should prove one of the best stock repeaters of the decade. With allowances made for stage demands and for theatrical license, it also gives the theatergoer a fair idea of the inner working of a newspaper—although it does touch the sense of humor to behold the editorial and composing rooms of a big paper invaded by outsiders and a paper held from going to press while its managing editor has a love scene with his fiancée and a dramatic scene with his enemies. But it is all necessary for the story, which is stirring, melodramatic, clean and virile. It is the tale of Wheeler Brand



—surely suggested by Brand Wheelock of Toledo—who becomes managing editor of a paper which tells the truth. His fiancée's father is a judge who has been corrupted. Brand "gets the facts on him," and attacks him, refusing to be swerved from his path of duty, even by the pleas of his sweetheart, who believes in her father's innocence. Finally, the big story breaks, and Brand is about to spring the facts that will result in putting the judge into stripes, when his owner forbids the publication. Risking his future chance in newspaper world, Brand disobeys, rushes the paper on the press—and finds that the girl knows all the story and that he has won her, even though he has lost his position. Brand is an exceedingly noble young man—but he is just what his sweetheart branded him, a near-egotist. He is not human. Right may be right—but happiness can never come to the man who sacrifices his loved ones for the sake of a principle—not when the issue is so vital as that portrayed by Mr. Patterson. Theatergoers will rejoice in the fact that William Gibson has again "made good". His Jimmy Valentine was an achievement, but so often first impressions do not endure, and it is a delight to find that Mr. Gibson has the same force, the same manliness and naturalness which marked his opening performance. He is "welcome to our city". Bessie Barriscale reveals new talent in her part of Judith Bartelmy, the judge's daughter. She always plays with a lovable womanliness that is captivating, but in her big scene in which she pleads for the judge, she surprises and convinces with the sincerity of her emotional acting. She is no longer an ingenue, but a leading woman. William Wolbert does a good sketch of Ross McHenry, newspaper man, and Howard Hickman's idea of Michael Nolan is interesting. Thomas MacLarnie superficially realizes the part of the Judge, but he has an artificiality of manner and accent that prevents the role from being genuine. Scenically, the play should prove of unusual attraction to the layman.

#### Cecilia Loftus Still Heads Orpheum

Cecilia Loftus is still the bright particular star of the Orpheum firmament, and she sparkles with undiminished luster—in fact, her brilliance is enhanced this week because of the dullness of one or two of the incoming turns. Miss Loftus repeated her wonderful portrayal of Bernhardt's Izevl Monday afternoon, gave a picture of Ethel Barrymore as Sunday that was uncannily real, and an imitation of Maud Allan that out Allan-ed the poetic Maud. It is a fact that Miss Loftus' rendition of the Peer Gynt dance was more truly graceful than Miss Allan's. She has almost the same wonderful muscular control, and as she has a comeliness and pretty hands and feet not possessed by the Grecian dancer, she truly realizes what Allan suggests. Earle Reynolds and Nellie Donegan are giving a remarkably skillful exhibition of roller-skating, "done up" in a new way. Their skating dances are exceedingly graceful displays of deftness. Albert Hawthorne and Frank Burt have a sketch, "The New Recruit" which has small excuse for existence. Its principal claim to merit lies in the antics of the two "supes" who are dragged in as a corps of sharpshooters. The Four Famous Vanis have been seen here before. They do the usual wire-tripping stunts, with Ollie Vanis featured in whirlwind wire-walking feats. Other holdovers are Charley Grapewin and Company, Will Roehm's Athletic Girls and Schenck and Van, the singers.

#### "White Sister" at the Lyceum

At the Lyceum F. Marion Crawford's story, "The White Sister," is holding the boards. This drama was not an unqualified success in the hands of Viola Allen, owing to the falsity of the situations, which made excellent reading, but lack dramatic verity. Jeanne Towler, who has the Allen role, is

pleasing, although at times she cannot resist the temptation to overact. Miss Towler's role is the most difficult—that of a young girl who enters a convent, thinking that her lover has been killed. He returns, after her final vows are taken, and pleads that she give up the church for him. The temptation is great, but she sacrifices her heart, and resists. Then he attempts to force her, and through the machinations of a scheming countess, who loves him, comes to his death. Miss Towler's support does not come up to the standard—and the play requires good acting to make it succeed.

#### Triple Bill by Intelligent Amateurs

Three one-act plays representative of the latest development in modern dramatic composition were presented by students at the Majestic theater, Saturday evening of last week. The plays comprising the triple bill were "The Far-Away Princess" by Sudermann, "Home" by Maeterlinck, and "Obstinacy" by Bendix. "The Far-Away Princess" is a delightful comedy and one which in spite of its many subtle qualities proved an excellent vehicle for the young players. Anna M. Flood as the Princess handled an extremely difficult role in a manner that would do credit to an actress of long experi-



UNA CLAYTON, ORPHEUM

ence. It is not likely that Miss Flood will remain long outside of the professional ranks. Second honors fell to Florence Stirling who, as Baroness Von Brook, rose to dramatic heights in several of her trying scenes. "Home," a weird impression of death entering a happy family circle, is typical of Maeterlinck's most depressing mood. This play was staged under the personal direction of Mr. Alfred Allen and was perhaps the most finished of the three offerings. The task of holding into its proper dramatic value the gigantic character of "Grandfather," the messenger of death, fell to Mr. Patsy Calhoun whose excellent acting carried the play into realms of true art. "Obstinacy," a farce by Bendix, proved a happy antidote to the heaviness of the preceding plays and sent the audience away in bantering mood and with smiling faces.

#### Offerings for Next Week

Coming direct from a three months' engagement at the Studebaker theater, Chicago, and a season's run at the Gaiety, New York, Henry W. Savages production of the great farce success, "Excuse Me," will be seen at the Majestic theater next week, beginning Sunday night, with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. "Excuse Me" owes its popularity to its humorous types and the oddity of the scenic

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settings. The scenes all take place on board the Overland Limited train and the people are the types one might meet on a transcontinental journey. There is an eloping couple who have failed to get a minister in their hurry to catch the train and there is a minister who will not divulge his identity, because he is on his first vacation in thirty years. An inebriated Chicagoan broken-heartedly confides the fact to all that he is on his way to Reno to get a divorce, and his wife catches the same train, with the same end in view. The first act shows a sleeping car, the second the observation and buffet and the third the exterior of the train and the interior of the San Francisco sleeper. Willis P. Sweatnam will be

seen as the Pullman porter and others in the cast are Ann Murdock, Charles Meakins, Isabelle Richard, Rita Stanwood, Rita Ordway and Thomas Walsh.

Joseph Weber will present "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at the Mason Opera House for one week, beginning Monday night, Feb. 19, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. This play was initially produced at the German theater, under the title, "Alma, Wo Wohnst Du," by Adolph Phillip, and thousands flocked to see it. Mr. Weber saw great possibilities for the piece in English and secured the services of the well known humorist, George V. Hobart, to make a translation. "Alma" scored a big success on its first pre-



sentation at Weber's theater, and Mr. Hobart's version proved a greater triumph than did the German adaptation from the French. An entire year's run in New York was enjoyed by this play. Mr. Briquet's music is not altogether unfamiliar, as ever since the first production of "Alma" the haunting melodies of the piece have drifted over the country. Miss Nannette Flack sings the role of Alma. Charles Murray, Aubrey Yates and other well known musical comedy players will be seen in the cast.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," that delightful American comedy drama, will have its first stock production at the hands of the Burbank company Sunday afternoon. No play that has been released for stock in years has attained the popularity that has come to this comedy, not only in America, but in England. As a rule, book plays are not long lived, but "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is an exception. It is really an American humor classic and is clean and fresh. The comedy centers in the mirth-provoking episode of Mr. Stubbins and his matrimonial designs upon little Miss Hazy, the shiftless neighbor of Mrs. Wiggs. Lillian Elliott, who has endeared herself to Burbank audiences, will have the role of Mrs. Wiggs, while to Virginia Brissac will fall the part of Lovey Mary. Fanny Yantis will return to the Burbank stage as Miss Hazy and Forrest Stanley will play Stubbins. Lola May will be Asia, Henry Stockbridge will be Chris Hazy and James Corrigan will play Mr. Wiggs, while other members will be favorably cast.

Ada Reeve's return is the big feature of the Orpheum bill the week beginning Monday matinee, Feb. 19. Miss Reeve is no stranger here, having played one week a fortnight ago, but at that time she was not in the best of health and took a short rest, returning here to complete her booking. Surrounding her is a bill with four new acts. Una Clayton has a new sketch from her own pen, "A Child Shall Lead Them." Miss Clayton is a writer of ability, a player of many parts, and her company, which includes Francis Morey, is said to be excellent. Max Hart sends his "Six Steppers," brothers and sisters, in a terpsichorean divertissement. They are trained to the minute and costumes and accessories are said to be of the best. A wide range in repertoire is covered. Knox Wilson, a favorite in musical comedy, has an absurdity which he calls "The Amateur." Mr. Wilson has a large local clientele and should receive a warm welcome. Charles Brown and May Newman also step from musical comedy, and entertain with original nonsense. Holdovers are the Four Vanis, Hawthorne and Burt and Reynolds and Donegan, the dancing skaters. The music will include the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" and the pictures will portray the latest happenings in the world.

For the first time on any stage, "The Girl and the Boy," a new musical comedy by Walter De Leon, will be presented at the Grand Opera House Sunday matinee, February 13. This is Mr. De Leon's second effort, and should prove an even greater success than was his initial play, "The Campus." There are fifteen big musical numbers in the two acts. The scenes are laid at a summer resort at the seashore, and the scenic investiture and costuming will be in the brightest of colors. The chorus costumes alone have cost \$6,000. Ferris Hartman will have the role of Angus McPherson, a Scotchman. Mr. De Leon will have the part of Hammond Smith, a pleasure-loving fellow who finds that life is hard work. Percy Bronson, who has been out of the cast for a time, will appear as Jack Newton, manager of the summer hotel. Roscoe Arbuckle will be Slat, the bell boy, and Oliver Lenoir will play Sanchez De Chile. Joseph Fogarty will appear as

James Rocksley, a millionaire, and Edith, his daughter, will be played by Myrtle Dingwall. The Girl will be played by Muggins Davies. Jose Hart will have a Spanish character role, and other favorites will be well cast.

John McCormack, the Irish singer, has become one of the great box office attractions of Europe and America—and has won his success in four years. His recent tour in Australia with Madame Melba was the most successful ever made by two artists in that country. McCormack comes to Los Angeles for but two recitals, Tuesday evening, Feb. 20, and Saturday matinee, Feb. 24. He has planned two excellent programs for these occasions. McCormack is a great favorite in the east. He came from Covent Garden to the Manhattan Opera House, New York, where he sang in "La Tosca" and other well known operas, and created the tenor part in "Natoma." It is said that his bright humor and boyish enthusiasm add much to his work. In his local engagement he will be assisted by Marie Narelle, the Irish Australian soprano. His programs are as follows:

Feb. 20: Aria, "Che gelida manina," from "La Boheme" (Puccini), Mr. McCormack; Lament (Lambert), The Green Hills of Ireland (Del Reigo), The Meeting of the Waters (Moore), Miss Narelle; Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes (Old Melody), Once Again (Sullivan), Molly Bawn (Samuel Lover), Mr. McCormack; Memory of Ireland (Rooney), O'Donnell Abou (Traditional), Miss Narelle; Old Irish Love Song (Chauncey Olcott), Kathleen Mavourneen (Crouch), Mr. McCormack; An Irish Love Song (Heroy), In the Hush of Roses (Zardo), Miss Narelle; Evening Song (Blumenthal).

Feb. 24: Aria, "Preislied," from the opera "Meistersinger" (Wagner), Mr. McCormack; The Exile's Return (Needham), The Wind That Shakes the Barley (Bunting), Miss Narelle; Eyes That Used to Gaze into Mine (Lohr), Killarney (by general request) (Balfe), Mr. McCormack; Loch Lomond (Old Melody), The Hills of Skye (Harris), Miss Narelle; The Snowy-Breasted Pearl (Robinson), Mr. McCormack; Will o' the Wisp (Gilbert Spross), Good-Bye (Tosti), Miss Narelle; Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms (Moore), For You Alone (Geehl), Mr. McCormack.

Mr. Spencer Clay is the accompanist.

So successful has been the production of Joseph Medill Patterson's newspaper play, "The Fourth Estate," at the Belasco theater, that the management has decided to continue it for a second week. This drama of newspaper and political life has sprung into popular favor, and the Belasco players are making it one of the best things they have done. William Gibson is well placed in the role of Wheeler Brand, the young newspaper man, who spells Duty with a large "D" and who refuses to be blinded by rose-colored spectacles. Bessie Barriscale has never had a better role than that of the girl who is torn between devotion to her father and love for her fiancé. Other favorite players have excellent roles and the scenic investiture is of unusual quality, the composing room scene having come in for many laudatory remarks.

For the coming week the Lyceum will be dark, but Sunday, Feb. 25, will come "The Newly Weds," a rollicking musical comedy based on George McManus' cartoons.

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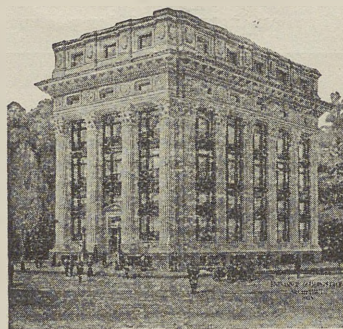
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Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 8, 1912.  
To George Comes Shafer, 948 Maple avenue, Los Angeles, California, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Soren Jensen, who gives 645 Ceres Ave., Los Angeles, California, as his postoffice address, did on January 25, 1912, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead, Serial, Entry No. 02990, made January 9th, 1908, for the NW¼ of NE¼, E½ of NW¼ and SW¼ of NW¼, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that the said entryman never settled upon said land and has wholly abandoned it for a period of over six months last past.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made, stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the postoffice to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter. You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

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**Santa Fe**



K,' and here he read Bennett's fervid opinion of it; it and 'The Pit,' are the two American novels, according to the Englishman, that make splendid use of this unused material lying fallow over here. Only a word, but when the receivers came in and began to move out the furniture they were greeted with a smile that held all the optimism of the defunct Success."

Mary Roberts Rinehart believes that one should have something tangible to show for every bit of work done. She has made it a rule since she began writing to invest a part of her earnings from every book, story, and play in something of enduring value. As a result she has a valuable art collection, a splendid library, several pieces of Pittsburg real estate, and a safe full of solid silver. Her latest novel, "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry," promises to be a record breaker, and Mrs. Rinehart already has a new limousine to show for it.

George Barr McCutcheon has recently completed his first play, "The Flyers," which was produced for the first time in Boston on Jan. 15. Of course, several of his novels have been dramatized, but this is the first play from his own hands. As a furnisher of material for playwrights, Mr. McCutcheon has been a distinct success, as witness his "Brewster's Millions" and "Beverley of Graustark." But in spite of this Mr. McCutcheon says that he is going to write novels—mostly—in the future. There is more money in them, he says, than in plays.

George Moore in "Hail and Farewell," writes: "The present is no more than a little arid sand dribbling through the neck of an hour glass; but the past may be compared to a shrine in the coigne of some sea cliff, whither the white birds of recollections come to roost and rest awhile, and fly away again into the darkness. But the shrine is never deserted. Far away up from the horizon's line other white birds come, wheeling and circling, to take the place of those that have left and are leaving."

Amber Reeves (Mrs. Blanco White) author of the novel "World Without End," is the daughter of the Hon. W. P. Reeves, who was a cabinet Minister in New Zealand before he came to England as High Commissioner for that colony. He is now Director of the London School of Economics.

#### "Mexico and 'Intervention'"

Chicago Record-Herald: The United States government is again "turning a scrutinizing eye toward Mexico." Reports of "four distinct revolutions" have been received, and where there are so many alarmist reports there is probably some basis of fact for them. According to some dispatches the Madero government is practically dead; according to others, the secession of the State of Chihuahua is imminent. What the grievances of the respective leaders of the four revolutions are, no one appears to be able to state. But the United States is not in the business of analyzing indictments against friendly governments and intervening in behalf of this or that faction. There will be no "intervention" in Mexico, any more than there was when Madero was fighting Diaz. Such precautionary measures as are now being taken, such orders as are being issued to American troops, have to do with protection of American citizens and their legitimate interests in the border cities or in the interior. If the Mexicans prefer disorder and insurrection to slow reform under a Madero, they cannot be prevented from indulging that strange taste. But they must not attack inoffensive Americans on either side of the border; they must not destroy American property or violate American neutrality laws. This, we may be sure, is the Taft policy toward the new Mexican "revolution" or the "four distinct revolutions."

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
January 11, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob Nathan, of 306 Amelia St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on June 1, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 11763, Serial No. 04243, for E 1/2 NW 1/4, W 1/2 NE 1/4, Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 27th day of February, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Isaac Calvert, James T. Brown, Edward A. Mellus, Karl H. Keith, John H. Schumacher, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.  
Date of first publication, Jan. 20, 1912.

## Geo. Goldsmith & Co.

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These choice woolsens embody in the very highest degree, fashion's note for the coming season. Your inspection is cordially invited.

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# Stocks & Bonds

Mexican Common has stood the brunt of a fierce bear attack this week, and has held up wonderfully well in the face of conditions that would have clipped considerable market value from nearly everything else in the Los Angeles Stock Exchange trading list in similar circumstances. And in the face of a liquidation of more than 2,000 shares of stock the price has slipped less than three points of the recent highest level. Mexican Preferred, also off, has not performed so consistently.

Bank stocks continue a favorite with the investing public, with Citizens' National the greatest price gainer of the week. The stock is in demand at better than 230. First National, F. & M. National and Merchants' National remain firm. Central National is somewhat easier, with Home Savings, Globe, Southern Trust and Security Trust a bit heavy.

Among the better known oils, Rice Ranch has gained more than fifteen points this week, with Western Union, also of the Santa Maria list, in demand. Union and the other Stewart petroleum continue unreliable in a market that cannot be foreshadowed by professional traders. Central is topky and indicates apparently lower prices. Associated is a sleeper for the time, with nothing at this end of the market for professional trading, although San Francisco tries repeatedly to interest Los Angeles in the stock. Amalgamated also is off from recent high quotations.

Among the lesser oils California Midway appears to be in better market shape; Consolidated Midway is nearly ready for assessment and Jade is apathetic for the time being.

Industrials are asleep, with the exception of L. A. Home Preferred and United States Long Distance, both of which at intervals show signs of considerable activity. The Edison issues have not been active since the last report.

Bonds continue in demand, with all of the several power 5s, as well as the water 6s, being hunted for investment. Associated Oil 5s and Los Angeles railways are always salable in moderate volume.

There appears to be something doing all the time lately among several of the better known of the mining shares, at least one of which has been worked up about 300 per cent in market value within a few weeks. Much higher prices are predicted for this particular stock in the near future. Another of the same class of investments, which has been as high as 25 and as low as 3 cents within a few years, also has been taking a swing upward lately, with a promise that there is money to be made by dabbling in these particular shares. The public, apparently, is in the market to a considerable extent, and with prices getting better there may be a mining share boom one of these days.

Money conditions, so far as Los Angeles is concerned, continue all that could be desired.

## Shibusawa's Faithful Depositor

Baron Shibusawa, founder of Japan's first bank, still lives, the foremost citizen of Japan. Next to him in enterprise and force stands Soichiro Asano, head of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, which sends the swift ships to San Francisco. The story of their coming together is told by Don C. Seitz in the Oriental

Review. When the bank started it was a novelty to be tested rather than trusted. People would deposit money and promptly withdraw it to see if it was really to be had again. But one depositor never took out a yen. His account kept growing. The struggling Shibusawa noted the faithful depositor, but he was unknown to him. "Who," he asked his teller, "is this man who is always putting money in and never taking it out?" He was told it was a small merchant who dealt in fuel and rags. The deposit grew. It became 25,000 yen and speedily enlarged to 50,000, an unheard of sum from such a source. All this time nothing had been withdrawn. "I can stand it no longer," said the banker, "I must know this man who is always putting money in and never taking out. Tell him to see me." The message was delivered to Asano when he came with the next deposit. "I work until 12 each night," he said shortly. "I have no time for visiting. If he wishes to see me he can come to me after that hour." The banker went, and so began the long relationship, successful alike to the two men and for Japan. Neither speaks English. Both carry on very large affairs.

## Sharp Upturn for Silver Bullion

Selling at 60½¢ an ounce, silver reached Saturday its highest price in more than four years. The last occasion when the white metal was above 60¢ was Nov. 6, 1907, when it sold at 60½¢. Saturday's advance was in the nature of a surprise to bullion dealers in New York, the quotation having been made in London. It is said that the silver situation at this time is largely in the hands of two syndicates of Bombay and Shanghai speculators. The last steamer which sailed for Bombay carried 15,000 bars from England, and the expectation that the Indian government will have to enter the market for still more of the metal for coinage purposes has led dealers to look for a continued demand. San Francisco hears that the provisional Chinese Republic has given assurance that if established it will buy large amounts of American silver.

## Banks and Banking

El Segundo bank has opened for business. The bank is capitalized for \$25,000, and the directors are J. E. Howell, president, Dan Murphy, M. L. McCray, E. T. McCray, J. A. Small, cashier, and J. T. Faber.

Tustin's new national bank is also opened, with favorable prospects. Officers and directors are W. C. Crawford, president, John Dunstan, vice-president, E. J. Cranston, cashier, F. J. Courriet, assistant cashier, and Sherman Stevens, C. E. Utt, V. V. Tubbs, R. H. Sanborn.

San Pedro State Bank is to have new quarters at Sixth and Palos Verde streets, a one-story brick structure to cost \$20,000.

Los Angeles bank clearings for January reached a total of \$92,805,727, a gain of 25.8 per cent over the corresponding month last year.

## Stock and Bond Briefs

Election will be called at Carpinteria, March 9, to vote on issuing bonds for \$33,000 to cover cost of land, building and equipment for a new Union grammar school. Bonds will run twenty years.

Despite the suit brought by Robert

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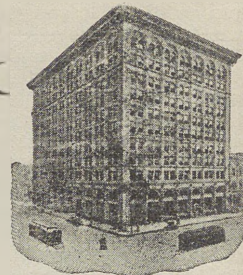
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## Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spreading thousands of dollars in the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO

is not true, however, of the trust companies, especially those that have enormous resources behind them and are able to underwrite large issues of corporate stocks and bonds. There are, in fact, so many different methods that the institutions may avail themselves of in employing the funds submitted to their care that it is exceedingly rare to hear of them in the call money market when funds are loaning under 2 per cent, or even 2½ per cent. They act as trustees for individuals, but their greatest profits as trustees come from acting as agents for corporations issuing new securities. They often make enormous profits in this semi-speculative field, but also they sometimes lose out. The success of trust companies in New York City, however, has not been accomplished through limitation of the field of operation. On the contrary, the functions of these institutions have been so broadened that their customers may obtain whatever banking facilities they may require, except that they may not trade in the stock market on margin through them. Besides having all the privileges of an ordinary bank, except the issuance of notes, a trust company will give legal and financial advice, care for its customer's property, manage estates, make investments, and will do almost any other banking function required. There is undoubtedly an advantage to an individual to have all his banking business transacted for him by one company. In entering the different branches of banking, trust companies have naturally had to meet opposition from other classes of banks and from banking houses. They have also been compelled to strengthen their position in the banking community, principally by maintaining larger reserves. Few of them have been guilty of keeping to small surpluses to protect their depositors, however. "The money power" is often heard of, but few realize what it means. The trust company is an important part of it. As long as business demands large aggregations of capital for its financing, the trust company will remain. It may be limited in its operations, but having achieved a place in the finances of the country it is bound to be a power.

McFadden against the recent bond issue, Santa Ana disposed of its \$200,000 high school bonds to J. H. Adams & Company of this city at par, accrued interest and \$4920 premium. The grammar school issue for \$25,000 was sold to William R. Staats Co, for a premium of \$828.

Official call has been issued for a school bond election at Venice, March 19. Bonds are for \$60,000 and are to provide grammar schools.

Terrace union school bonds for \$5000, which were voted in San Bernardino recently, will be open to bids up to March 11.

Riverside Water Company has voted \$750,000 in bonds, 12,764 shares being required to carry the issue.

Ventura desires an electric lighting plant and will hold a bond election to raise the money for that purpose—\$25,000 being required.

Newport Beach will hold an election March 9 on the question of issuing \$27,000 in bonds to purchase school site and build a school house.

Up to 11 a. m. March 6, the Riverside board of supervisors will receive sealed bids for the purchase of \$7000 bonds for the Blythe school district. Bonds are of \$1000 each and bear 5% semi-annually.

In the year ended June 30, 1911, there was an addition of \$118,391,514 to the capital liability of Canadian railroads, of which \$61,650,300 consisted of stocks. The capital liability is \$1,528,689,201, or \$55,829 a mile; net earnings, \$57,698,709; mileage, 32,559, and there were under construction 7,000 miles. Cash aid given to railways during the year by the provincial and federal governments amount to \$2,426,192. Total operating expenses were \$3,034,785, an increase of \$10,000,000 over 1910. The number of employees increased 17,458 and wages amounted to \$7,613,738, an increase of \$7,445,347. Dividends were \$30,577,740, an increase of 4.38 per cent. The capital liabilities of electric roads were \$111,532,347, an increase of \$9,000,000. Earnings of electric roads totaled \$20,356,952 and operating expenses \$12,096,134; increase in wages, \$2,242,438.

Altadena is considering calling an election for voting bonds to erect an eight-room school house.

## Trust Companies in New York

Seven trust companies in New York City, with a total capitalization of \$25,375,000, made in the period between Nov. 10, 1910, and Dec. 21, 1911, \$10,436,300, or 45.1 per cent. These figures are taken from the reports on those dates and include the dividends paid by these companies in that interval, notes the New York Times. Considering the small percentage of profits that national and state banks are able to report in a like period, these figures, in comparison, appear remarkable, but when the almost unlimited field in which trust companies may operate and the power and the backing that these seven institutions have are taken into account, the showing is not so extraordinary. The profits of most national and state banks, particularly the commercial institutions, are limited to the difference between the interest paid depositors and that received for loans, and to any enhancement in value that the securities they own may make. This



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**COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK**  
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.  
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Capital, \$200,000.  
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

**FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK**  
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I. W. HELLMAN, President.  
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.  
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.  
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

**MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.  
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.  
Capital, \$200,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

**NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA**  
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.  
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.  
Capital, \$500,000.00.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

**NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE**  
IN LOS ANGELES  
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.  
H. J. STAVE, Cashier.  
Capital, \$300,000.  
Surplus, \$25,000.

**CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.  
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.  
Capital, \$800,000.00.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

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